THE Nation

VOLUME 148 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • APRIL 1, 1939 NUMBER 14

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The Shape of Things

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THE CONGRESSIONAL ECONOMIZERS HAVE been put on the spot by the bland Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. In a statement before a special Senate committee on silver legislation he said the country was entitled to "a clear-cut and prompt determination of policy" on the vital issue of budget balancing. He agreed that there was a strong demand in business circles and among the general public for economy. Apparently the majority in both houses of Congress shared this sentiment. He himself felt that retrenchment now would be hazardous, but this was a democratic country and the will of the majority should prevail. Congress was the constitutional authority intrusted with the final determination of appropriations and taxation, and if a majority favored a drastic economy program it "should assume full responsibility for it and put it into effect without delay, and without compromises for the benefit of any special groups." Faced by this challenge Senators Byrd and Harrison, who are attempting to lead the economy bloc without committing themselves to anything so politically dangerous as specific proposals, could only reply that Congress was helpless unless the Administration gave full cooperation. That is to say, these Senators, while believing that the budget forest needs to be cut down, insist that the ax must be wielded by the President in defiance of his own firm opinion that such a policy must inevitably lead to further erosion of business and employment. Surely Mr. Roosevelt's critics should show the courage of their own convictions before asking him to sacrifice his.

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FORCE IS LENT TO THIS ARGUMENT BY THE recent blow which economy has suffered in its supposed stronghold. Almost simultaneously with Mr. Eccles's speech the House Appropriations Committee reported out the Agricultural Department Supply bill at a total of $1,067,274,427, or $244,593,376 more than the Budget Bureau estimate. This result was achieved by the addition of $250,000,000 for farm-parity payments, which the President had opposed unless some special

Published weekly and copyright, 1939, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1897, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1897.

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form of taxation was voted to supply the money. In taking this step the Appropriations Committee not only wiped out savings of $83,000,000 achieved by cutting other estimates but added to the total budget no less than $161,000,000. If this decision is confirmed by the House as a whole, the President will certainly be entitled to question the sincerity of the Congressional economy campaign.

*

AFTER MORE THAN TWO YEARS OF HEROIC resistance Madrid has surrendered. All efforts to arrange an honorable peace have failed. Far from promising to withdraw his Italian troops, General Franco is reported to have forced the Madrileños' cup of bitterness to spill over by allowing Mussolini's soldiers to lead the triumphal entry. Italian and German flags have sprouted throughout the city on the cars and houses of Madrid's Fifth Column. As for reprisals, there is to be no vindictiveness except for those found guilty of political "crimes," such as having held office under the Popular Front and the even graver offense of having "prolonged" the war. In other words, Casado and Miaja have proved no more successful than Negrin in obtaining terms, despite the lives squandered in their tragic revolt. At best only a few hundred of the seven million persons living in Republican territory will be able to escape abroad. For the rest, it is only a question of the thoroughness of Franco's terror.

*

THERE IS ONE "TRIUMPH" FOR ECONOMY, however, which deserves mention. This is the deletion by the House Appropriations Committee of a sum of $12,250,000 asked by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics for the creation of additional research facilities. Evidence was presented regarding the inadequacy of present provisions for research, and attention was drawn to the efforts being made in this field by Germany. Yet the Appropriations Committee, which had cheerfully voted hundreds of millions for building new planes, grudged this comparatively small expenditure to insure that the construction program should have a sound technical basis.

*

THE TREASURY IS TO BE CONGRATULATED for withdrawing its insistence on a full social-security reserve at a moment when its decision can be exploited as a major step in "business appeasement." The projected $47 billion reserve for old-age insurance was fantastic and highly dangerous from the outset. Realistically, it was little more than a glorified plan for retiring the national debt at the expense of the wage-earner. The payroll tax, falling directly on the worker and indirectly on the consumer, is perhaps the most indefensible of our federal taxes. Postponing the scheduled rise in the tax from 1 to 1½ per cent on employers and employees should be definitely beneficial, provided the action is not made an excuse for failing to carry through the amendments to the Social Security Act suggested by the advisory council. From the standpoint of recovery, it is important that the money collected for social security be distributed to the victims of insecurity as rapidly and as fully as possible. Otherwise, the act is definitely deflationary in its effect. In an altogether different category is the proposal to lower income-tax rates with a view to inducing a greater amount of private investment. The effect of such a step could only be to increase our already huge hoard of idle funds, and to decrease, through destruction of mass purchasing power, the existing openings for investment.

*

TAKING THE PROFIT OUT OF WAR IS A slogan generally approved, but its translation into practice is no easy matter and is not to be accomplished by ill-considered and carelessly drafted legislation such as the bill just introduced by Senator Bone. This measure proposes the war-time levy of a 6 per cent normal tax on all incomes over $500 for a single person or $1,000 for married couples, with a steeply graduated surtax ranging up to 98.9 per cent on the largest incomes. Since no provision is made for state-income-tax liability, taxpayers in the higher brackets living in states like New York would be required to pay more than their total incomes. When this snag was mentioned to Senator Bone, who clearly had not studied his own bill, he could only say there might be some provision somewhere in the measure to take care of it. A much more serious criticism of the bill is that it makes no provision for the simultaneous recasting of the economic system without which such a drastic taxation program would be unworkable. No doubt war would necessitate a sharp curtailment in the production and distribution of consumption goods, but to attempt to bring this about immediately on the outbreak of war by means of automatically effective taxation could only lead to a complete dislocation of trade fatal to efficient defense measures. Perhaps it is wasted effort to raise such questions of practicability since the real purpose of the bill is not to conscript wealth but, in the words of Senator Bone, "to keep the country out of war." It is, in fact, an attempt to scare business into support of isolation, on the debatable assumption that there would be little chance of war if the hope of profit were removed. It is a sad comment on the responsibility of the Senate that fifty of its members put their names to this bill without considering its implications and, in many cases, without even reading it.

*

WHETHER BECAUSE OF THE ILLNESS OF CHIEF Justice Hughes or because of some delay within the conference room, the Supreme Court again failed this week to pass on either the Strecker or the Hague case. The long delay may be ominous. Last Monday the court made three

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rulings which all liberals will approve. Through Justice Stone and Justice Black respectively it upheld the right of New York and Utah to levy state income taxes on the salaries of federal employees. The decisions complement last year's ruling that the federal government may impose an income tax on the salaries of state employees. Taken together these decisions destroy the reciprocal immunity of government salaries from income taxation established by the Supreme Court in 1871 and take a long step forward toward eradication of the mushroom growth of tax exemptions which owe their ultimate origin to Chief Justice Marshall and their continuance—largely—to the court's refusal to apply the plain meaning of the Sixteenth Amendment. The court held unconstitutional the New Jersey "gangster" statute which permits a man to be fined and jailed, not for crime, but for bad reputation and absence of visible means of support. We think the law patently unconstitutional. Equally to be praised was the court's refusal to grant review of the decision of the New York Court of Appeals upholding the constitutionality of the "Minkoff" law, named for its American Labor Party sponsor, forbidding landlords guilty of dwelling-law violations to raise their rents. The landlords appealed to "due process," but this time in vain; their defeat in the United States Supreme Court means that owners of New York fire traps will be hit where it hurts.

*

HITLER'S ATTEMPTS TO LINE UP THE AXIS powers for a united stand against the democracies received an unexpected setback last week when Tokyo virtually rejected his plan for transforming the Anti-Communist Pact into an outright military alliance. Japan's hesitancy, after its recent belligerent outcry against the Soviet Union over the fisheries issue, is remarkable, and can be taken as fairly good evidence that it has no intention of widening the zone of conflict beyond China for some time to come. The formula which it utilized to temper its rejection is as remarkable as the act itself. Japan, it is reported, will refuse to join an unconditional alliance, but might enter into an agreement to support Hitler if the Soviet Union "attacks Germany without provocation." Meanwhile, Japan has taken advantage of the spring weather to launch major offensives in three widely separated sections of China. One of these, the drive on Nanchang, has proved successful, and Japan has taken on itself the responsibility of policing another important city. The other drives—a long-delayed attack on Chengchow at the junction of the Lunghai and Peiping-Hankow railways and an expedition into Chekiang—have thus far yielded little. The important thing is that after nearly two years of war Japan is encountering more resistance than in the early days of the conflict. Under the circumstances its decision not to tie up too closely with Hitler would seem a necessary one.

The Axis Revolves

HITLER'S march on Prague shocked Britain and France into firm talk, but the sphere of action is still a fascist monopoly. While democratic diplomatic activity has been concentrated in an effort to achieve a four-power declaration pledging resistance to further German aggression, Hitler has seized Memel, concluded treaties with Lithuania and Slovakia which reduce these countries to vassal status, and made an agreement with Rumania giving him first call on its economic resources. Thus the two weeks since the slogan "Stop Hitler" received official recognition in London and Paris have been noteworthy on account of Hitler's increased acceleration. Yet Mr. Chamberlain is still capable of asking, as if there were some doubt about the correct answer, whether the German government "is not seeking by successive steps to dominate Europe."

Clearly if any kind of collective resistance to fascism is to be organized at this late hour, a sterner realism is needed. The project of the four-power declaration is already moribund. An important stumbling-block was Poland's reluctance to sign a platonic instrument. The only kind of pact in which Warsaw could be interested would be one giving watertight guaranties of military support in the event of a German attack, and these guaranties are wanted not merely from Russia, to which the Western powers apparently desired to leave the defense of the eastern front, but from London and Paris as well. The Poles can hardly be blamed for refusing to assist in rhetorical gestures against the Reich. It is not that they are blind to their peril as Nazi arms stretch farther and farther around their borders. They have proclaimed their determination to resist any attack on their frontiers and are taking precautions against a Nazi coup in Danzig, but until the Western powers prove their sincerity by taking risks, the Poles see no sense in signing a toothless proclamation which Germany might choose to regard as provocative.

Meanwhile, so far from attempting to put teeth into the anti-aggression pact, influential Cabinet ministers in both London and Paris seem to be swinging back to the idea that the way to stop Hitler is to appease Mussolini. They are blind to the fact that successful blackmail by one end of the axis always serves to strengthen its joints. Il Duce's brutal but clever speech on Sunday contained a clear invitation to such self-deceivers. After a belligerent declaration of Italy's might and an expression of solidarity with Germany which might seem slightly formal, he pointed out that the Spanish barrier between Italy and France was about to be demolished. The studied ambiguity of this sentence was no doubt intended on the one hand as a bid for friendship, on the other as a reminder to France of a vulnerable third border. He went on to name the problems to be settled with France—

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Djibouti, the Suez Canal, Tunisia—but he did not make his demands specific. Obviously he is looking for an offer.

The trap is nicely baited, and if Foreign Secretary Bonnet has his way, the French will walk into it. But once they yield so far to Mussolini's threats as to offer to begin negotiations, once they suggest concessions to him, however modest, they will be on their way to a Mediterranean Munich. At that point they can expect still greater belligerency in Rome, warlike noises at the other end of the axis, and demands for new concessions.

Dickering with Mussolini at this juncture can hardly fail to strengthen rather than weaken the axis. Not that Il Duce is incapable of double-crossing his dear friend, but he cannot be expected to do so unless the disadvantages of adhesion to Germany become greater than its advantages. This could only happen if Britain and France organized a "Stop Hitler" alliance prepared to resist aggression, wherever it occurred, *à l'outrance*. So long as Bonnet rules the French Foreign Office there is little chance of such a firm step. But there are reports that he is on his way out, while in London his fellow-protagonists of appeasement to the limit, Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare, are also under fire. The hopes of the growing number of Britons and Frenchmen for a strong and positive policy must depend a good deal on whether these three pro-fascists can be retired.

Rediscovery of Russia

AMONG the many disheartening events of the past weeks, a few developments stand out as distinctly hopeful. Perhaps the most striking of these is the apparent reversal in British policy. But scarcely less important from a long-range point of view is the rediscovery of the Soviet Union as a European power. For a period of about six months, beginning just before the September crisis, Moscow had been rigorously quarantined from Europe. Its importunities for military conversations to implement the French-Soviet and Czech-Soviet treaties were consistently ignored by the Western democracies, as had been its previous efforts to transform the Spanish Non-Intervention Committee into a realistic, honest agency. Its suggestion that the Czech-German dispute be dealt with by the League, as provided by the Covenant, was completely disregarded in the mad scramble to meet Hitler's demands. The map of Europe was redrawn at Munich without even so much as an invitation to Moscow to witness the ceremony.

This snub to the second greatest power in Europe could scarcely have been accidental. Regardless of what Mr. Chamberlain might say in defense of his policy in Parliament, it was quite clear that "appeasement" was primarily an effort to turn Hitler's attention eastward. Since the Soviet Union could hardly be expected to enter into the spirit of the party, it seemed best to ignore its existence altogether. But Great Britain and France were not the only countries participating in the quarantine. Czechoslovakia and Rumania, with much more immediately at stake, seemed equally oblivious of Russia's existence. Both countries based their foreign policies on the Western democracies, and when their faith in those countries was demonstrated to be ill-founded, reluctantly embraced Hitler. The Czechs did not even avail themselves of Soviet aid when it was promised just before Munich, a mistake for which they paid by forfeiting their national existence. It was Poland, long an implacable enemy of the Soviets, which first rediscovered Russia when faced by growing Nazi pressure. Chamberlain was a bad second. When the final complete absorption of Czechoslovakia had destroyed the last possibility of defending Munich, the British Prime Minister discovered the existence of the one great power which had been consistently anti-fascist in its foreign policy.

But Russia has not hastened to jump on the British band-wagon. Although Litvinov issued a scorching statement denouncing the German occupation of Czechoslovakia as "arbitrary, violent, and aggressive," and refusing to recognize Hitler's conquest, he held back for a time from accepting Chamberlain's proposal for a joint declaration. Moscow has good reason to be skeptical of Chamberlain's conversion. If it was sound tactics, from the British point of view, to try to divert Hitler toward the east in September, may it not still be sound in March? And what is more likely to achieve this end, and at the same time silence the opposition at home, than a protest which angers Hitler and yet provides no machinery for checking him? It happens that the two countries which lie in the immediate path of Hitler's march—Poland and Rumania—are neighbors of the Soviet Union. Both have huge ill-digested chunks of territory wrested from Russia at the end of the World War. What better strategy could there be than to induce the Soviets to defend them, provided that Britain and France need make no commitments?

Yet if the democracies actually have suffered a change of heart, it is clearly to the interest of the Soviet Union to cooperate in putting a stop to Nazi aggression. Germany has gained such power in recent months that no one country can hope to resist it alone. And the march of fascism threatens to enslave the working class throughout the world. If Hitler is stopped without war, it can only be while there is still hope of lining up Poland and Rumania with Britain, France, and Russia in a military pact against the aggressors. Such an alignment could only be achieved at a general conference such as Moscow has urged.

The sudden shift in the British attitude toward the Soviet Union is bound to have its effects in the United States. If Britain's long-range interests coincide at this

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moment with those of Moscow, the same can be said even more emphatically of those of this country. For in addition to serving as a bulwark against Nazi aggression in Europe, the Soviet Union stands as a potential check against Japanese aggrandizement in the Far East, where American interests are even more directly threatened. These two great countries, controlling between them the greater part of the world's resources, might still avert war if they worked closely together.

Save Democracy from Its "Friends"!

NOT since the flood of criminal-anarchy and syndicalism laws during the post-war red scare has the country seen so dangerous a wave of legislative proposals designed to limit basic liberties. Bills are pending in Congress and in at least four state legislatures which, if enacted, could be used gravely to abridge the rights of free speech, press, and assembly, whether exercised by citizens or aliens. We are not among those who believe that the democracies have no legal and constitutional means to stem the poisonous propaganda and stifle the growth of the private armies which proved so effective in the rise of European fascism. We approve the purposes and do not object to the methods of the bills introduced by Congressmen Fish and Voorhis to prevent the organization of "shirt" militias on European lines. But we must protest in the strongest terms against the Dies bills and the Dempsey bill in Congress, and against their counterparts in the state legislatures, notably the Devany bill in New York. For under the guise of attacking "alien isms" they would undermine the Bill of Rights and place un-American instruments of repression in the hands of reactionaries who seek to destroy democracy while pretending to defend it.

The most imminent danger is represented by the Dempsey bill, which has been unanimously passed by the House. Originally written to provide for the deportation of aliens advocating any "fundamental change" in the American form of government, it was revised before passage to permit deportation of aliens advocating "any change" in the American form of government. The amendment is an indication of the motives behind the bill, and a demonstration of how quickly repressive legislation can be and may be extended. The present deportation laws, though far more narrowly drawn, have already been used not only in breaking strikes but in cutting down the rights of free speech, press, and assembly. Citizens as well as aliens are often arrested and held under them in strike roundups. The xenophobia from which the Dempsey bill and a similar alien-registration bill in Pennsylvania spring is also worth noting. Suspicion of foreigners admirably serves Nazi purposes—if the Hitlerites can pour the anti-foreigner poison into the American melting-pot, the task of disrupting this country through setting one American against another because of the different racial stocks of their grandfathers will have been accomplished.

H. R. 4909, introduced by Dies, and the Devany bill in New York, with the similar measures in Minnesota and Kansas, are more obviously entering wedges for the destruction of the liberties of native Americans as well as foreign-born. They aim to make ineligible for public office all those who believe in "foreign isms," and their definitions are so sweeping that a reactionary court could use them against many New Deal liberals as well as against leftists of various kinds. The Dies bill, for example, would operate as a bar against those who would use "subversive means or methods" to establish not only a totalitarian system of right or left but "social control of all private property." In one very real sense we already have "social control of all private property" in this country, for this is the basic concept behind all regulatory legislation. When it is recalled that in certain circles such laws as the Wagner Act are still considered "un-American" and "subversive," it is easy to see how vicious these laws might become in their application. Democracy itself was once a "foreign ism" against which the Alien and Sedition Laws of John Adams were aimed; and it is only forty-one years since the income tax was assailed as "communistic" before the Supreme Court.

Blood and Geography

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE week's news was monotonous.

First, Memel. Hitler's entry by ship to the old town must have been a pleasant contrast to the march into Prague. Honest Nazi enthusiasm greeted him in Memel with all the familiar trappings—swastikas, heils, local storm troopers, Jews fleeing in panic over the border.

Second, Lithuania. Hitler tucked it under his belt without bothering to declare a protectorate. It will exist, economically or politically, only by his consent. Memel was its only port; now, through the magnanimity of the conqueror, its goods may be shipped from Memel free—but under the eye of German supervisors. Memel has given Hitler a new base on the Baltic about 600 miles from Leningrad.

Third, Slovakia. This nation, freed by the Führer from its thraldom as a part of Czechoslovakia, was joined to the Reich by a treaty which makes it an integral part of Hitler's eastern empire. Its economic development will be geared to the needs of Germany. Hitler will establish German garrisons at convenient points in Slovak territory.

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But Slovakia is free. It is even to have its own Foreign Office—though its foreign policy will naturally be coordinated with that of its great protector—and its own legations in certain countries, including the United States. This may produce an interesting territorial struggle in Washington; Mr. Hurban, the Czechoslovak minister, retains possession of the legation which apparently has now been assigned to Slovakia by the Nazi authorities. Mr. Hurban is a Slovak himself, but an uncoordinated one, and he intends to stay where he is.

Fourth, Rumania. King Carol asked the British government whether he could count on help from Great Britain if he resisted German pressure. The regular formula was applied: he was encouraged to resist and promised no help. He promptly signed an agreement which makes Rumania an economic vassal of Germany and gives Hitler the first important addition to his inadequate sources of raw materials—above all, oil and an outlet on the Black Sea. The political subjection of Rumania will be unnecessary unless it shows signs of independence. In that case, Hitler can become its protector or the protector of the assorted irredentas within its borders, whichever he chooses.

And that's all so far. Danzig awaits its turn, which seems almost due. Reports of Polish attacks on Germans are roaring out of the Nazi radio stations as we go to press, and a German ultimatum may even now be in Beck's top drawer. Poland remembers Munich and expects nothing from the great powers of the West. It will make the best deal it can or fight if it must. But that is another week's news.

The current rationalization in Europe is to minimize all Nazi conquests made in the sacred name of "blood" and deplore only those based on geography or economics. And so we read that the seizure of Czechoslovakia "shocked" Europe. Mr. Chamberlain was not the only statesman to register surprise and horror when Hitler's men marched into Prague. All over Europe men in position to know better had staked their hopes of security and peace, or said they had, on the belief that Hitler wanted to absorb only those lands occupied by his own Teutonic "folk." Anne O'Hare McCormick, writing from Budapest in the New York *Times,* says that Hitler by marching into Prague "destroyed the foundation on which his rule and ideology and his expansive force heretofore have rested." She says that representative people and officials in the various East European countries have been both anxious and uncertain of the future, but that "the only thing on which they banked was that this man wanted to rule no non-Germans. He had said so passionately and repeatedly." And in the same issue of the same paper Edwin L. James wrote, "When Hitler marched into Prague he started the departure which has set German propagandists busy working out a new formula to justify the expansion of the Third Reich. It looks now as if the form will amount to saying that Germany has the right to take what she wishes, or what is 'necessary' for her proper development."

But Adolf Hitler long ago devised his own formula of justification and expounded it at muddy length in "Mein Kampf." Here are a few of the simpler passages which show that he didn't invent the idea of territorial expansion just last week:

> *The demand for the reestablishment of the frontiers of the year 1914 is political nonsense of such a degree and consequences as to look like a crime.* . . . We National Socialists must cling unflinchingly to our foreign-policy aims, that is, to guarantee the *German nation the soil and territory to which it is entitled on this earth.* And this is the only action which, before God and our German posterity, would seem to justify an investment of blood. . . . I must attack most sharply those folkish scribbler souls who claim to see a "breach of sacred human rights" in such an acquisition of territory. . . . By such an attitude they wantonly aid from within in undermining and cutting the ground from under our nation's only means of properly standing up for its necessities. . . . *State frontiers are man-made and can be altered by man.* . . . Just as our forefathers did not get the land on which we are living today as a gift from heaven, but had to conquer it by risking their lives, so no folkish grace but only the might of a triumphant sword will in the future assign us territory, and with it life for our nation. Much as we all today recognize the necessity for a reckoning with France, it will remain largely ineffective if our foreign-policy aim is restricted thereto. It has and will retain significance if it provides the rear cover for an enlargement of our national domain of life in Europe. For we will find this question's solution, not in colonial acquisitions, but exclusively in the winning of land for settlement which increases the area of the motherland itself.

That is about as plain as Hitler knows how to be. A good deal of trouble might be avoided if "Mein Kampf" were made required reading for statesmen. They would then at least be spared the succession of surprises that makes their progress toward general defeat unnecessarily painful.

For several weeks I have been listening to the radio news commentators and one day I plan to comment on them. But meanwhile I want to call attention to the broadcasts of Raymond Gram Swing, who talks about foreign affairs from WOR at three oddly assorted hours each week—10:15 p. m. on Tuesdays, 5:56 p. m. on Thursdays, and 7:15 on Saturdays. Unlike his fellow-commentators, he forswears elocutionary tricks and relies on sharp analysis. Why his periods are so awkwardly timed I don't know, but they are worth keeping in mind if you want to hear an intelligent interpretation instead of the more usual empty summary of known facts.

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France Loses Its Head

BY ROBERT DELL

ANATOLE FRANCE used to say that it was never necessary for the French reactionaries to be in office. They could always find men of the left to carry out their policy. The remark has been justified again and again. Now a French Cabinet almost entirely composed of men of the left has become the tool of the reactionaries whose prisoner it is, for it depends on their support to keep a majority in the Chamber. John Elliott, the Paris correspondent of the *Herald Tribune*, said in that paper on March 20 that the law just passed by the French Parliament instals in France a regime similar to that which Chancellor Brüning introduced in the Germany of the Weimar republic, which paved the way for Hitler. Speaking from memory, I do not think that the powers given to Brüning were quite as sweeping as those now given to Daladier, but I may be mistaken. In any case it seems to me that the progress toward fascism in France has gone beyond the Brüning stage. Many months ago I said that Daladier and Bonnet might well turn out to be the French Hugenberg and Papen, and that seems to me now to be still more likely.

The men to whom unlimited dictatorial powers have been given are the men responsible for the capitulation to Hitler at Munich and the consequent disappearance of Czechoslovakia from the map of Europe, the men who consummated the betrayal of republican Spain, who have sacrificed the interests of European civilization and of their own country to those of a class. Theirs is a rump government composed mainly of members of the Radical Party, which at the French general election on April 26, 1936, polled between 14 and 15 per cent of the total votes cast and about 25 per cent of the votes cast for the Popular Front. No other groups or parties are represented in the government; the few non-Radical ministers represent only themselves. It is a party on the decline that has violated its election pledges and with the aid of the conservatives and reactionaries seized dictatorial powers. The voting strength of the Radical Party, once the dominant party in France, has been steadily declining. Before 1936 it had lost most of its representation in Paris and the other great cities and had become mainly a rural party. In that year it lost heavily in the country districts as well, and its total poll was less by 414,380 than it was in 1932.

After the general election of 1936 the Popular Front had a majority of 164 in the Chamber—386 against 222. Since then there have been slight changes—the Communists, for example, have gained two seats at by-elections—but they have not affected the balance of parties. On March 18, 321 deputies voted for the law establishing a dictatorship. According to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, only nine Radicals voted against the law and three abstained. Probably Henri de Kérillis and one or two other honest Nationalists voted against the government or abstained. Even so, Daladier's majority cannot have included more than about 100 deputies elected on the Popular Front ticket, nearly all of whom were members of the Radical Party. With the exception of the Radical Party, all the parties and groups that composed the Popular Front remained true to their electors.

What has happened in France shows the necessity of some check on what Walt Whitman called "the never-ending audacity of elected persons." It is monstrous that elected representatives in a democracy should be able to take measures directly opposed to the undertakings by which they secured their election without consulting the country. If it be true, as has been reported, that Daladier has the intention of prolonging the life of the present Chamber to avoid the general election due in the spring of 1940, there could be no more convincing evidence that he believes the feeling of the country to be against him.

The first decrees promulgated show that Daladier intends to use his powers against organized labor. The hours of labor in all the most important industries, including mining, have been increased to sixty a week, and even that limit may be exceeded if the government thinks fit. The extra pay for overtime, which has hitherto been on a sliding scale rising from 10 to 25 per cent according to the number of extra hours, has been reduced to 5 per cent whatever the number of extra hours may be. According to one report, overtime is to be payable on all hours exceeding forty-five a week instead of forty as hitherto, but this does not appear to be certain.

A press censorship seems almost certain. Already the publication of any news about military matters other than that given out by the government has been prohibited. According to one report a press and propaganda department on the lines of that presided over by Dr. Goebbels has been, or is to be, set up. A censorship of foreign press telegrams, which is already illegally practiced to some extent, may be expected. The suppression of the Communist Party and the prohibition of public meetings and demonstrations will probably not long be delayed. Nothing, it seems to me, but "direct action" on the part

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of organized labor can prevent the establishment of a fascist regime in France, and I do not anticipate any such action. Organized labor in France appears to have been reduced to impotence by its senseless blunder of ordering a general strike for twenty-four hours as a mere demonstration, which failed as it was bound to fail.

In an address broadcast from London on March 20 André Géraud (Pertinax) said that the British and French governments were no longer "under the spell of any illusions." The context suggested that he was referring to illusions in regard to Hitler, and with that limitation one may hope that he is right; but the French and British governments are evidently still under the spell of illusions in regard to Mussolini. It would appear that the policy of making concessions to Mussolini to detach Italy from the Berlin-Rome axis, which has so disastrously failed in the past, is to be revived. According to an Associated Press message from Paris published on March 23, Mussolini sent a secret emissary to Paris to urge "early overtures by France toward Rome." The emissary was none other than Hubert Lagardelle, whom I knew slightly before the war when he was a member of the French Socialist Party and one of the leading men in the French trade-union organization. After the war Lagardelle entirely disappeared from the public view, and I could never succeed in finding out what had become of him. Now he reappears on the scene as a "French resident in Rome and an old friend of Mussolini."

It would be difficult to imagine a more fatuous policy than that of making overtures to Mussolini at the present moment. That gentleman is pretty nearly on his last legs, as his feeble speech last Sunday very clearly demonstrated. He has been hoodwinked and let down by Hitler everywhere; his blundering diplomacy is in ruins; he has brought Italy to the verge of national bankruptcy, and economic conditions in the country are appalling. I am told that Mussolini is in such desperate need of ready cash that Italian lire are being offered on the American market at about half their nominal value. If this is so, it means that Italy is on the eve of a vast inflation like that into which Germany was dragged in 1921-23 by the incompetence and stupidity of its rulers. It is difficult to believe that Mussolini would dare to risk war in any circumstances. If he did take so desperate a risk, it would be the end of him. Indeed, discontent and resentment against him are increasing so rapidly in Italy that, even without a war, his end may not be far off. And this is the moment that the British and French governments choose for once more bolstering up the tottering power of the man whom Paul-Boncour so justly described as " a carnival Caesar"!

If they do this, the only possible conclusion will be that, as in 1935-36, they wish to save the fascist regime in Italy because they fear that it might be succeeded by "Bolshevism." From the point of view of French national interests, leaving out of account every other consideration, the only sensible policy to follow toward Mussolini is to leave him severely alone. That used to be the opinion of Paul Reynaud—before he became a minister.

Something seems to have gone wrong with the intelligence of French politicians. Even Léon Blum seems to be affected by the general intellectual decadence. In an article published in the *Herald Tribune* on March 20 he declared his belief "that the time is approaching when Italy will launch her ultimatum and France will be faced with the fascist imperial program." Instead of an ultimatum Mussolini has launched Hubert Lagardelle to beg France to come to his aid. It is true that one can hardly be surprised that Blum should be taken in by Mussolini's bluff after his grotesque proposal of an "international peace conference" at which all the nations of the world would be represented. Something must have gone wrong with Blum's intelligence when he can say that negotiations for a conference would transform the international situation "as if by magic." The only result such a conference would be likely to have would be to precipitate a general war. As for the "firm stand" to check Hitler's triumphant progress, of which we have heard so much, it has begun with British and French acquiescence in the seizure of Memel.

Hitler will no doubt now seize Danzig with like impunity. Indeed, it has been hinted in British and French official quarters that there will be no objection to the annexation of territory placed under the protection of the League of Nations. If the High Commissioner of the League, a Swiss gentleman with strong pro-Nazi leanings, is in Danzig, the world may be gratified with the spectacle of his expulsion by the German army. If all Lithuania passes under German control, as appears distinctly possible, both Russia and Poland will be seriously menaced. It has always been evident that before Hitler could attack Russia he must get control of one or more of the Baltic states.

The British and French governments have clearly not made up their minds to defend either Lithuania or Rumania against a German attack. The Rumanian government has been obliged under pressure to make a trade agreement with Germany, and its appeal for help to London seems to have been in vain. The reason why the British and French governments rejected the Russian proposal for a conference between England, France, Russia, Poland, Rumania, and Turkey was no doubt that at such a conference England and France would have been obliged to show their hands and say whether or not they were prepared to defend Poland and Rumania. The Russian government is to be congratulated on its initiative, which is not the first of its kind. It is to be hoped that the present Russian action will dispose of the rumors that have been current for some time of an understanding between Russia and Germany.

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Living Philosophies

XII. SEVEN TRUE STORIES

BY STUART CHASE

I

I TAKE it one's living philosophy is a somewhat different kettle of fish from one's formal philosophy. I take it a living philosophy is a label for that collection of beliefs and opinions which tend to guide one's conscious decisions. For sixteen hours in the day I am faced with decisions which determine my behavior as a biological item on this planet. This behavior in turn determines how long I am to survive as a biological item. Happily, many decisions are automatically made for me by a nervous system well adapted to defend the organism from meddling by the conscious mind. Without these sheltered reactions I should have been dead long ago. Only this morning I escaped a nasty fall from a stone wall by unconsciously thrusting out an arm to regain balance.

Another long list of decisions is automatically made for me by the customs and folkways of my tribe. One does not go to a dinner party in a bathing suit, hot as the evening may be. One does not get up in the middle of a lecture and tell the speaker what a terrible bore he is, truthful as such a remark might be.

Many conscious decisions not determined by the folkways remain. For these I stop and think before I act. If I fail to act, that also is a decision. Why do I act or react *thus,* rather than *so?* Why do I throw *this* letter into the wastebasket, and spend two hours composing an answer to *that* letter, both being on the same subject? Why do I agree to serve on this committee and refuse that one? My living philosophy is manifested in these decisions. Let us now examine seven specific cases.

II

I am driving along a country road at night. My headlights are tilted for maximum visibility. I see a pair of lights approaching, half a mile away. When the distance between us is halved, I touch a button with my foot and dim my headlights. Not so in the other car. It sweeps by with a soft, powerful phut, blinding me as it does. "You poor damned so and so!" I shout to the night air, as I touch the button and extend the lights again.

Hullo, here is another car, blazing down the road. What is this misbegotten troglodyte going to do? I know what *I* am going to do. I am going to give him the works. That last Devonian ape man was the third in a row. Am I to devote my life to protecting hairy anthropoids who should be swinging from limb to limb? Here he is. Going like Halley's comet. I could run over every dog, child, and old lady in Fairfield County in the road shadow cast by that aurora borealis.

What? He's dimmed them, although a bulb is missing in his dimmers. And here are my lights going at full blast! I reach for the button, but in my haste hit the accelerator instead, and so give my friend not only a hideous glare, but the rudeness, not to say danger, of higher speed while passing him.

I am alone now in the darkness. Of all idiots, I am the world's loftiest. Trying to take the spleen generated by A, B, and C out on D. D is not C; he is not B; he is not A. D is to A, B, and C as Shakespeare is to Elbert Hubbard, Arthur Brisbane, and Dr. Frank Crane.

Just a minute, now. Elbert Hubbard had his moments before big business got him. Perhaps C had a foot button and broke it. Perhaps he was an unemployed carpenter in a 1922 Reo, going to Bridgeport in the forlorn hope of getting a job. Even if he was president of the Stock Exchange, that is no reason I should take out my displeasure on an ornament of civilization like D. I might have killed D. What lesson would that have preached to C or B or A, happy as lightning bugs, burning the eyeballs out of everyone they passed?

What am I going to do now? I am going to press that button for every car I meet, until I get home. I don't care if it is Al Capone breaking out of jail. Forty thousand dead on the roads last year, and most of them at night.

A trivial decision, true. Yet this nightly intercourse which millions of us experience involves life and death, man as a social animal, the organization of society in the power age, the engineering of roads, automotive design. It involves doctors, nurses, hospitals, and public health, the consumption of alcohol, and the question whether a biological species, geared to four miles an hour on its legs, can adjust itself to twenty times that rate and survive indefinitely.

III

A few years ago I was in Odessa. I spoke no Russian, and English-speaking guides were rare. Finally I was informed at my hotel that just the right man was waiting in the lobby. His English was indeed excellent. This was the more extraordinary because my guide wore blue overalls and was a coal-black Negro. As an American I do not expect Negroes to speak like Oxford graduates. I expect them to speak like Senators from Alabama.

We went to the docks, to rest houses for workers that

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were once palaces for the rich, to factories, stores, beaches, and to the famous stone steps down which the Cossacks had charged in 1904. My guide asked me to come home to lunch with him. I was born north of the Mason and Dixon Line, and therefore I accepted, especially as he said his wife could make the best borscht in Odessa.

We went to his house—very neat, very poor. His wife came out, wiping her hands on an apron and smiling a welcome. "Hullo," she said. That was her only word of English. She was a comely Russian girl, whiter than I am. I steadied myself against the door. The happy pair beamed at each other and at me. I looked apprehensively for children, but none appeared.

While we ate the admirable borscht with tin spoons, my guide explained his household. He came originally from Jamaica. He had been a stoker on a British freighter which sailed from Odessa in a hurry during the civil war, leaving him behind. Negroes were rare in Odessa, and the Soviet authorities made much of him. They got him a job in the local power plant. Then, because he seemed lonely, they found him a wife. The difficulties of mating black with white never seemed to enter anybody's head. His wife was a school teacher. She loved her husband and was very proud of him. No other girl in Odessa had such a distinctive husband, who could talk beautiful English besides.

I was a long way from Atlanta, Georgia, or even from New York. I could only turn a mental somersault, eat the borscht and the butterless gray bread, and accept without comment what a great city of half a million people accepted.

If one intelligent black man and one intelligent white woman can live happily together in Odessa, why cannot the same thing happen anywhere else? The answer to that is easy: because other places, such as Atlanta, Georgia, are *not* Odessa. Folklore changes in space and in time. Well, suppose folklore about race were unified around the world. Could black men and white women, or black women and white men, mate as naturally as white and black horses, without ill effects on themselves or on their brown children? Is it *all* a matter of folklore? The answer to that is harder. The deeper the biologists dig into the matter, the more racial differences *which count* seem to recede. Professor Haldane concludes from the evidence that racial differences occur in superficial characteristics to begin with, such as skin coloring or hair texture, and that so much interbreeding has taken place since that most notions about racial purity are moonshine.

IV

From Odessa we jump halfway round the world, to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Not far from that town the Rio Puerco comes down from the high mountains of the north to join the Rio Grande. I am out with a group of technicians from the United States Soil Conservation Service. They drive me around a 30,000-acre project on the arid plain. They explain that the number of grazing sheep has been limited to the carrying capacity of the grass, and that both mechanical and biological controls are being tried, to hold the soil against wind and water erosion. A wire fence separates the controlled area from the rest of the plain. The difference between the two sides of the fence is striking. On the project side the grama grass grows tall and strong; on the other side it is sparse, brown, and weak.

We drive down to the banks of the Rio Puerco, beyond the controlled area. The river was once a clear stream in a shallow, narrow bed. It fed many little irrigation projects of the Pueblo Indians. Look at it now. The water is thick as pea soup, and there is very little of it. The narrow channel has widened in places to half a mile, cut into horrible, quaking clay canyons by the silt. Flash floods come down, tearing out bridges, covering the irrigated lands with gravel, destroying the ancient economy of the pueblos. Grazing lands topple into this loathsome abyss an acre at a time. Between floods the river may dry up completely. The underground water table of the whole valley is sinking fast.

What has happened to bring this desolation? Overgrazing on the plain, overcutting and fire on the timbered head waters in the mountains. White men have overturned the balance of natural forces, wrecking in a few years what it took millennia to build. I feel as if smoldering volcanoes were at work, preparing to blast living things out of this land altogether. Against them stand the men of the Conservation Service, but they are still few, and the ruin is great.

I look around the broad valley. The mountain wall is white with snow, for it is early March. The sun is bright and warm. The cloud streamers across the sky are of that indescribable luminosity which only New Mexico knows. This world has been here a long time. This vulture wheeling above us has been here a long time; that antelope we saw through the glasses has been here a long time. Vulture and antelope and Indian accept this world. We palefaces have refused to accept it. We saw a cash return in it. But the forces of nature are in delicate equilibrium in the arid lands of the Southwest. Another generation of neglect, and paleface, Indian, antelope, and bird must go.

Money loss, crop loss, water loss, game loss—these are practical problems, but I do not have to face them, living two thousand miles away. I am facing another problem, a philosophical problem if you will. I am a creature of this earth and so a part of these prairies, these mountains, these rivers and clouds. Unless I feel this dependence, I may know all the calculus and all the Talmud, but I have not learned the first lesson of living on this earth.

If there is fire in your house, you fight it. If there is death along the Rio Puerco, you fight that, as these men beside me are fighting. I go back to my hotel and wire

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that I will accept an invitation to give a talk on conservation, at a place I did not want to go to, and at a time which is very inconvenient.

V

I am lying on a lonely beach under the Florida sun. The gulf beyond the breakers is the color of milky jade. A man in a pink-silk shirt comes up and sits down on the sand beside me. He is not a prepossessing man. "That's a nice tan you've got," he says. I do not like the way he says it. I do not like the way he looks at me.

"So, so," I say.

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

He continues to look at me, more and more strangely. Suddenly I am filled with rage. I look him in the eye.

"I have two children."

"Oh," says the man. He gets up from the sand, brushes off his not too clean flannels, and walks away.

There is a round stone on the beach by my hand. I have a hot impulse to pick it up and throw it at his retreating pink shirt. I tell myself to wait a minute.

I look at the man again. He is limping. His face was plain as a picket fence. Putting these two facts together I begin to picture a crippled boy who was never asked to parties, at whom the girls turned up their noses, who was met at every turn in life with frustration, if not contempt.

The anger goes out of me, though the disgust remains. I begin to reconstruct my scientific knowledge of homosexuals. Some of them are born so. Indeed, all of us are born with both so-called male and female characteristics. When the male predominate, we are boys; when the female, we are girls; when they are equally divided, we balance feebly on the edge. We can no more help it than a moth can help flying into a lantern. Boys who are not strongly male to begin with may be driven over on the other side by being shunned by girls, by being constantly thwarted or repressed. This is not a matter of morals but a matter of chromosomes or psychological conditioning or both.

Homosexuals are born so many per hundred thousand, like albinos or left-handed persons. Some border-line cases can be reversed by a good psychiatrist. Perhaps homosexual tendencies are a kind of sickness, a deficiency disease.

I roll over on my back and watch a diving gull, making a white streak from blue sky to jade sea. Sick gulls die quickly. Only the healthy survive. The sick children of men are tolerated, and many are restored by medical invention. It is not nature's way, but it is a kind way and worth trying. The pink shirt is far down the beach now. Why throw stones at biology?

VI

I have written a speech in the course of which I say: "America will never tolerate fascism; democracy is too deeply imbedded in the national consciousness." I put the manuscript aside, and pick up a book on philosophy I have been reading. Presently I come upon Hegel's definition of love: "Love is the ideality of the relativity of the reality of an infinitesimal portion of the absolute totality of the Infinite Being."

This sounds alarmingly like nonsense, but the reputation of Hegel is profound. Let me see if I can squeeze some meaning from it. "Love" is the name for an emotion which takes many forms—the love of man for woman, of woman for child, of friend for friend, of disciple for master, of man for country. Hegel does not say which kind of "love" he is talking about. "Ideality" is an abstraction so high I lose it in the stratosphere. "Relativity" is a useful label in many contexts, but Einstein has warned that the context must be precise. The "relativity of the reality" is anything but precise. "An infinitesimal portion of the absolute totality" sounds like a small bit of a whole lot, but on second reading it turns out to be a small bit of the Infinite. When modern physicists mention the Infinite at all, they usually stipulate that a piece of the Infinite is itself infinite. On this assumption an "infinitesimal portion" of the whole show cannot be distinguished from the whole show.

But perhaps Hegel meant something different. Whatever he meant, he was unable to communicate it to me. I doubt if it has ever been communicated to anyone. The verbal structure itself forbids communication. I could spend my life contemplating this string of symbols and receive no reward.

So I cease to contemplate it. I pass it up. But the talk of Einstein and Planck I do not pass up. I do not understand all of it, but I know that by diligence I could come to understand it. The symbols connect with real things. With the symbols of Maxwell's field equations one can build 100,000 horse-power generators. In reading, in listening, I try to separate talk which goes round and round from talk which refers to something definite in the world outside my head.

I return to the manuscript of my speech. With a soft pencil I draw a thick black line through the sentence about fascism and the national consciousness of America. Perhaps Hegel could understand it, but I cannot.

VII

The telephone rings. I lift the receiver.

"Yes, this is Mr. Chase. . . . Yes, I wrote that book. . . . That's very flattering. . . . Yes, I am interested in writing other things. . . . That is a lot of money. . . . What kind of copy? . . . Well, I'm damned!"

I jerk the receiver back on the hook. Presently the buzzer rings again, but I do not answer it.

This decision was almost as fast a reaction as the knee jerk. By it I lost a contract for a fabulous sum per week, to write advertising copy for a patent medicine which I had exposed as worthless. Give me no credit for renouncing the fabulous sum. I did not need it. My book was sell-

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ing very well. But what made me violate the folkways of the telephone, and hang up on a man who was making me a handsome offer? As well as I could analyze it, it was a feeling of nausea about the integrity of communication among American business men. I had made and proved certain statements. These statements, in the form of a book, had produced a financial return. The man on the other end of the telephone—he was a very big shot indeed—saw nothing amiss in asking me to contradict the statements for a larger financial return.

When people are locked together in an interdependent economic machine, the price of tolerable existence is clear communication. Otherwise the machine cannot be operated. Persons who set themselves up as writers and word dealers have a special responsibility in the power age. If they cannot be trusted to talk honestly, who can be trusted? If they can be sold out to the highest bidder like hogs on the hoof, where is an interdependent culture going to land?

This, I think, was the reason why I hung up the receiver. I want to get the truest news I can about the world, from those in a position to report this part of it or that. My survival may depend on it. Per contra I want to give the truest news I can. It is something like driving a car. That unspeakable tycoon wanted to pay me for driving at seventy miles an hour on the wrong side of the road, smashing up other people and smashing myself.

VIII

He is waiting for me in the lobby of the building where I have an office. His face is haggard. "What is it now?" I ask. For eight years I have listened to his sad stories of a promising mechanical invention and a possible fortune wrecked by fast-moving patent attorneys, broken contracts, failing friends, and, above all, by a deepening business depression.

"Have you five minutes to spare?" he asks.

I hesitate. I know that five minutes means probably an hour, and I am hoping to catch a train. He goes on talking.

"I had to decide Monday whether I would jump out of a window or go on relief."

"I see that you decided right."

"I don't know. The shame of it is killing me."

I can take a later train. If he had brought good news I would have dodged the interview.

"Come on up," I say. We go silently into the elevator. I close the door and sit down at my desk. His eyes shift wretchedly about the little room.

"Has it been your fault?" I ask.

"No. I don't think so. Not altogether, anyway. It's this depression. People haven't done the things they said they'd do. They couldn't. I couldn't get anywhere without capital. I couldn't manufacture the thing and sell it with my bare hands. Since I saw you last I've tried for any kind of a job—washing windows, selling insurance, anything. I suppose I'm no good."

"It isn't your fault. Look at it this way. In 1929 48,000,000 people in the country had jobs. They were good workers; they couldn't be accused of failure. Today only 40,000,000 of them have jobs, many of those at lower pay than in 1929. How could eight million people turn into bums and loafers almost overnight?"

"No. It doesn't make sense."

"Of course it doesn't. You've got plenty of company. There are about 20,000,000 American men, women, and children on relief. The banks are on relief. The railroads are on relief. If it weren't for the RFC they'd be busted wide open. You aren't up against personal failure. You're up against the failure of a whole economic system. Take your relief money and spend it. You've got it coming to you, and the spending helps the rest of us."

"You really think I have it coming to me?"

"Certainly. On two counts: first, on the ancient principle of group survival; second, on the modern principle that consuming is as important as producing. If relief were shut off, a sixth of the American population would starve to death. Not only that, but the loss of their spending, which runs into billions in the aggregate, would finish wrecking the economic machine. If you should all jump out of windows instead of going on relief the rest of us would have a depression which would make 1932 look like a Vanderbilt garden party."

"That makes me feel a little better. But where will it all end? The government can't afford it indefinitely."

"Perhaps the government can't afford it, but the American continent can. By that I mean government bonds may some day cease to be valuable, but there are enough fields, mines, oil wells, factories, power plants, and machines in the United States to give us all a good living. That's what counts in the end. We aren't going to throw up our hands and sink for the third time, with good solid life rafts all around us."

"But how are we going to get aboard these rafts?"

"Well, you're aboard one now. We can't 'afford' relief, but we've got it. Germany couldn't afford to rearm, but it did. Italy couldn't afford to conquer Ethiopia, but it conquered it. Russia couldn't afford a Five-Year Plan, but the factories, dams, and schools were built to schedule. England could never leave the gold standard without instant disaster, but it left it and began to prosper. What is impossible for bankers is becoming increasingly possible for engineers."

"So you don't think we're going all to hell?"

"No. We are in for a rough transition period. But I think, if a given community has enough resources, technical skill, man-power, and physical plant, the chances are it will find a way to eat what is already on the shelf. If that horrifies the bankers, it's too bad."

"I feel a lot better. I'm going to apply for one of those WPA engineering-research jobs. You don't mind shaking hands with a poor bum on relief?"

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He held out his hand, with the first real smile I had seen on his face in years. I smiled, too.

"I may be with you any time. No one's job, no one's income, is sure today."

IX

These are all true stories. They show my reactions and decisions in seven specific situations. The reader is perhaps in a better position to construct my living philosophy from these experiments than I am myself. To me it seems that I tend to be guided in conscious decisions by four criteria:

1. That I am a creature of this earth. (The Rio Puerco case.)

2. That I am a member of a human group. (The headlight case, the telephone case, the relief case.)

3. That it is meaningless to judge other members of the group until the biological and psychological facts are in. (The Florida case, the Odessa case.)

4. That progress depends, not on revealed authority, not on ethics and morals which shift with the folkways, but on using the scientific attitude in social as well as in physical affairs.

Every human being is confronted with two major tasks: to establish a relation with the physical environment in which he is rooted as deeply as any oak, and to establish a relation with his fellow-creatures. The physical environment, in the sense of fresh air to breathe, cannot be neglected five minutes. In the sense of the balance of soils and waters, the penalties of neglect are less immediately apparent. But in the end, retribution is sure and terrible. Look at the dust bowl, at the Yellow River, at the blasted lands of Asia Minor.

If people were not members of a group they would not be human. Stripped of his group a man becomes as helpless as if he were stripped of his nervous system. If this truism of anthropology were better appreciated, there would be less silly talk about individualism and rugged independence. We cannot get away from other men, and wouldn't if we could.

How large the group should be for healthy survival becomes an increasingly interesting question. The dangers of inbreeding tend to fix a minimum size, while economic interdependence today indicates a much greater maximum than hitherto. Already a good part of a continent must be integrated if men are to be supplied with a reasonable budget of necessities and comforts. Even the 3,000,000 square miles of the United States do not furnish quite all the raw materials for that budget. Some day a Great Society may swing around the whole world. With the planet as the group unit, the only kind of war possible would be civil war.

Large or small, if one is perforce a member of a group, it is a good idea to realize it, and play ball. I find the easiest way to play ball is to analyze what makes my fellow-players act the way they do. Which of their more infuriating characteristics have been fixed by inheritance; which built in by early conditioning; which determined by custom and the folkways?

Finally, I admit to a deep conviction that progress is attainable through the methods of science. These methods have changed the face of the world since Bruno died at the stake to witness them three centuries ago. The applications of science have quadrupled the population of Western civilization, greatly improved its health, released billions of man-power of energy from coal, falling water, and oil, created a vast collectivized, interlocked culture. This is enough to indicate that the scientific method works, and that its laws and techniques are very powerful medicine indeed.

But the word has not got around. Most literate persons use the products of science continuously, but have little conception of the discipline. They still cling to revealed authority, and the revelations clash. Their minds are littered with ideological concepts incapable of verification. They subscribe passionately to Nazi dogma, Marxist dogma, Fascist dogma, Christian dogma, Jewish dogma, Mohammedan dogma, laissez-faire dogma, property dogma, and even dogma about political democracy. When a dogmatist like Hitler seizes military power, he stands ready to destroy a continent, his "Aryans" perishing with non-Aryans.

Once a person acquires a scientific attitude, dogma begins to melt out of his mind, as when the sun shines on an ice field. The scientific attitude reverses the older thought channels. Facts come first. Then one employs his reason to draw inferences from the facts. No facts, no useful concepts. The dogmatist uses his reason—and very powerful it often is—to select or torture the facts in support of his ideology. Dogma first, facts second.

The shoreline of history, to use the eloquent language of historians, is littered with the wrecks of civilizations. I will not list them, for the recital is getting to be tiresome. Perhaps civilizations are too much for *Homo sapiens* altogether. Perhaps we shall have to go back to gathering cocoanuts and spearing fish. But two observations are in order. When civilizations have fallen in the past, others have sprung up. We keep on trying. This is encouraging. Secondly, there has never been a civilization like the present one, built on inanimate energy and mathematical equations, with stations all over the world. If Europe's civilization is blotted out, America remains. If Europe and America are blotted out, Australasia and South Africa remain.

More cheerful than blotting out is the hope that the members of a culture founded on science will gradually be inculcated with the scientific attitude. For a few hours in the day, a few days in the year, millions of us are already capable of it. Can that small margin be extended, so that we can climb and hold on, and climb again? I do not know. But my hope is strong.

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Poison in the Melting-Pot

BY GEORGE BRITT

THE German-American Bund at Madison Square Garden, New York, on February 20, gave the worst exhibition of Jew-baiting ever seen in the United States. It is doubtful if anything remotely approaching it in boldness and volume was ever staged here before. It has been sufficiently described—the keynote banners "Stop Jewish Domination of Christian America!" and "Wake Up, America! Smash Jewish Communism," the uniformed Nazis gleefully strong-arming dissent, prolonged applause for Father Coughlin, speakers dinning into the ears of the audience fierce abuse of Jews while at the same time flag-waving for Americanism.

Alongside this mass effort at character assassination it is quite justifiable to place two other attacks upon Jews, stabbings with knives instead of words, one occurring a few days before the Bund rally and the other a few days afterward. I would not overemphasize the coincidence. I haven't traced a direct connection of cause and effect. Still, they belong together.

On the evening of February 15 a little old bent, bearded Jew, past sixty, Hyman Mankas, was going home to Brooklyn. Two passengers, Joseph Quinn and Grant Martin, according to police charges, began insulting him in the subway. He left the train, went up an escalator, and got on the elevated. The men pursued. They got off at his station, the accusation runs, pulled his beard, beset him with cries of "lousy Jew" and "Jew refugee from Germany." A Jewish lad of eighteen who came to help him was knocked down and cut three times on the leg with a knife. When brought into court the two husky prisoners pleaded that they had acted in self-defense. An indictment on charges more serious than the original third-degree assault is still being sought.

The second stabbing of a Jew occurred in the early morning of February 23 on the half-deserted platform of the Grand Central subway station. As Irving Berger and a woman companion were waiting for a train, Berger relates, three men walked up and shouted, "Dirty Yidel." Those are fighting words. The young Jew struck back. And then, according to eyewitnesses, one of the trio held Berger against the guard-rail while a second stabbed him. He was cut five times, once in the abdomen quite seriously, receiving wounds which kept him two weeks in a hospital. Two men were arrested and gave their names as William and Joseph Molloy. Indicted for felonious assault, they pleaded not guilty.

Without more data it would be hysterical to read pogrom psychology into these two unprovoked attacks on Jews by non-Jews, notwithstanding the anti-Semitic battle cries. But it can be said that these stabbings are accurate symbols, at least, of what is bound to result from the anti-Jewish rabble-rousing now going on in New York. The German-American Bund rally was unfortunately no more than a magnified conglomerate of numerous other meetings held every week in New York, in obscure halls and on street corners, from Yorkville to the far edges of the city, all inducing hatred and inciting to violence.

Zealous proselyting by the Bund is to be taken for granted. But of late organizers have been busy also among other racial groups—Hungarians, Swiss, Scandinavians, Syrians, and Arabs—unifying them with the common denominator of anti-Semitism. All Bund meetings sell the official weekly paper *Deutscher Weckruf,* the "Protocols of Zion," and other anti-Semitic writings with incredibly moronic cartoons, seldom omitting Father Coughlin's *Social Justice,* Pelley's *Liberation,* and the rest.

Members of the Christian Front, an organization in the main Irish rather than German, deserve special citation as Coughlin's storm troopers. Only the brown uniforms are lacking. This group is strongest in Brooklyn, though it also meets in Manhattan. A delegation wearing "C. F." buttons attended a united veterans' meeting at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn on March 19 and booed loudly when the Jewish representative on the program, the distinguished Dr. Elias Lieberman, rose to speak. They were ejected, but when the audience started home it found "C. F." men waiting at the door, shouting for Coughlin, Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco.

The weekly programs of the Christian Front last summer featured the redoubtable Russell J. Dunn along with the group's own leader, a noisy stripling by the name of John F. Cassidy. Dunn has been screaming anti-Semitism with few interruptions since 1917, when he served a workhouse sentence for disorders provoked by his slogan, "Jews are all slackers." This experience he still refers to in self-indulgent emotionalism. Dunn works up his audiences with the skill of a Holy Roller revivalist until the men and women sit muttering, not "Amen, Brother," but "Kill the kikes."

During Dunn's recent illness his place has been taken most often by Floyd A. Caridi, president of the Flatbush Anti-Communist League, whose favorite subtlety is, "The first thing I do when I walk into a store is to call for a Christian salesman." Christian Front speakers have lifted certain Bund phrases which they repeat tirelessly: "President Rosenfeld," "the pink lady in the White House,"

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and "the little red flower in City Hall." They warn the Mayor that they are going to ride up with guns. Members know their cues and are quick to boo at "Perkins" or "refugees," and to cheer "Coughlin" or "Hitler."

Long-suffering under abuse as they have been, the Jewish War Veterans at last turned out a thousand or more strong at a Christian Front open-air meeting held last fall at East Seventeenth Street and Kings Highway, Brooklyn. The meeting was smothered, the speakers retreated, Caridi was struck, and the program never started.

At a recent meeting of the Christian Front in Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, the Franco film, "Spain in Arms," was shown, with speakers adding comment. The recorded voice on the film itself did not mention Jews although it repeatedly insinuated the idea. When a group of prisoners from the International Brigade with somewhat Semitic features was shown, it advised, "Watch their faces closely." "Oy, Oy," responded the audience. "Look at the kikes, the Christ-killers, the mockies." One speaker solemnly warned, "I have been informed that the Jews are about to plunge America into a war with Hitler and Mussolini, and that Madame Perkins and President Roosevelt are in on the deal." Socialists, Communists, and Jews received a common denunciation. But it remained for the chairman, one Harold Walsh, to accomplish a dialectical masterpiece with the blast: "The Jewish War Veterans can denounce communism all day and all night, and they can call themselves Americans, but we members of the Christian Front are not fooled—we will deal with these people when the time comes, and we will pay special attention to Jews who sing the Star-Spangled Banner." Even Father Coughlin pretends to attack only Communist Jews. But the Brooklyn disciple makes all Jews Communists.

Dunn was the principal speaker at a meeting held in February at the McKinley Square Gardens in the Bronx, in the name of the Veterans' Organization of Christian Crusaders for Social Justice. The chairman was John O'Shea, head of the Queens Committee of the Flying Squad for Americanism. Praising Father Coughlin, Dunn condemned the Catholic church for not giving him more ardent support and for harboring his critics. He lingered fondly over Spanish atrocities. All the trouble in Spain, he said, was due to Jewish meddling. He reviled and assailed the Jews, winding up with "We must drive the lousy"—pausing here and waiting for the audience to scream "Jews, Jews, Jews." Then he resumed, "Shut up. I'll do the talking here. It's people like you who get me in jail. I mean Communists." And the audience roared with delight.

A meeting of the Christian Crusaders against Communists, held in Yorkville on February 13 with about 500 in attendance, started with an appeal to the American Nationalist Party, Italian Fascists, the German-American Bund, and the Christian Front to join hands with the Crusaders. Then the Franklin forgeries were brought up; then Coughlin, "greatest man since Jesus Christ," destined to be the Franco of America—cheers for Father Coughlin; then Coughlin's identification of the Bolsheviks as Jews; praise for William Dudley Pelley; eulogy of Hitler.

A speaker told how Jews had taken over New York while the Irish and Germans were away fighting the war. "What are you going to do about it?" Back came the shouts, "Kill the bastards!" The speaker smiled indulgently. That would be too much trouble. There mightn't be room to bury them all. Maybe the East River was the solution. With the Jews in control of everything, he said, he very much feared that violence was coming. How his blood had tingled, he recalled, when he saw the cops beating up Communists in front of the City Hall nine years ago, and he had stepped in and helped. He described a newspaper photograph of a policeman beating a Spanish Loyalist sympathizer in California. His hope was for a return of the good old police field days—"you know what I mean."

New York's plainest current display of anti-Semitism is the weekly picketing of radio station WMCA at Fifty-second Street and Broadway every Sunday afternoon in protest against the station's demand for advance editing of Father Coughlin's speeches. Coughlin's refusal to speak over WMCA on those terms has been a boon to anti-Semites. It was the most useful peg of the winter on which to hang demonstrations demanding toleration for his intolerance.

The first picketing was on Sunday, December 18, after a big rally on the previous Thursday by the Committee for the Defense of American Constitutional Rights. Attendance at the rally was predominantly Catholic—Christian Front members and the credulous worshipers of Coughlin. One organizer was a promoter by the name of Allen Zoll, then head of American Patriots, Inc., an associate of Bund Führer Fritz Kuhn. A few weeks later Zoll was to raise the anti-Semitic outcry against Felix Frankfurter's appointment to the Supreme Court. Since then he has been more quiet, and Christian Front speakers call him a renegade. Another was Edward James Smythe, a fellow-worker with the Bund, a user of multifarious letterheads, publisher of fly-by-night propaganda sheets, and for years a petty dealer in anti-Semitism. Smythe's most recent creation is the Protestant War Veterans of the United States, whose banner was in line at the first picketing. The Christian Front turns out faithfully every Sunday, and there are numerous pickets whose rich German accents suggest a Bund connection.

The anti-Semitism of the picket line exceeds Father Coughlin's simultaneous incitements over the air. The pickets shout, "Wake up, America—Buy Christian Only," "Down with the Jewish Warmongers," and "No Kosher Frankfurters." An occasional "Heil Hitler" is heard.

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They paste anti-Jewish and "Buy Christian" stickers on walls and automobile windshields. They wear Coughlin's picture in their hatbands and carry it on banners. Their banners display the slogans: "Out with Internationalists —America for Americans," "Palestine! Has the Arab side ever been told over the radio?" "No More Refugees," "Is Flammsky going to decide your radio programs?"—a reference to Donald Flamm, president of WMCA.

The racial melting-pot of New York City invites hate propagandists. If you doubt that the Bund sees its chance, read the *Weckruf's* complaint of arrogance in the old-stock Americans: ". . . the nativistic spirit, the arrogant assumption that an unwritten clause of the Constitution grants them a patent of superiority . . . that unless you can trace your ancestry to some shoemaker or weaver in Britain, you are a citizen only by tolerance." This, from the fanatical Aryan racists who would make life unbearable in Germany for all but "pure" Germans, may sound like a joke. But the intent is serious. The Nazis are out to exploit every racial antipathy.

The Irish, thanks to Father Coughlin, have been enlisted by thousands as allies and instruments of Nazi anti-Jewish propaganda. Through the anti-Communist and pro-Franco trimmings supplied by Coughlin the campaign has won much useful help. Strong support is furnished by the Brooklyn diocesan weekly the *Tablet,* edited by Patrick F. Scanlan. Apparently the *Tablet* has thrived on this policy, lifting its circulation to a high of 100,000 and widening its appeal beyond Brooklyn. Coughlin is defended also by the influential anti-Communist publicist Father Edward Lodge Curran, although Father Curran has publicly washed his hands of Russell J. Dunn.

The Italians have fallen in line patriotically. The paper *Il Grido della Stirpe* regularly attacks the Jews; last fall it sponsored an anti-Jewish radio program over the Jersey City station WHOM which almost cost the station its license. Italian Fascists and the Nazis fraternize, and black-shirted *Squadristi* attend Bund celebrations. Teachers in New York schools report spasmodic downpours of anti-Jewish leaflets and stickers, and outbursts of defamatory mottoes chalked on the blackboards. These have been traced to children from Nazi and Fascist homes. And it is not uncommon in foreign-neighborhood schools for a current-events class dealing with Hitler or Stalin to be interrupted by some youngster speaking out to the teacher, "Those are lies and you are a red. I reported you to the Friday-night meeting."

This account of anti-Semitism in New York City today could not have been written a year ago. These things now in abundant open manifestation were not happening then. But in 1939 anti-Semitism in New York has ceased to be whispered and has become an open instrument of demagoguery, a vast outlet for idle energies. If a few stabbings occur after all this poison of hatred has been poured into the ears of dissatisfied small people, who can be surprised?

Pocket Guide

I GET a lot of letters from people who want to know what they can do to help themselves as buyers. Well, there's something going on in Washington right now about which you can do a good deal. These are the hearings under the new Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act.

Important features of the new law are to be carried out through regulations based on evidence given at these hearings. You should have somebody there to express your views. You can appear personally if you want to, or you can send a representative of any shoppers' organization you belong to. So far, hearings have been held on tomato products, egg products, and coal-tar coloring in foods, drugs, and cosmetics. The next hearing is set for April 10 and will be on canned peaches, apricots, pears, and cherries. Another on April 17 will be on canned peas.

A HEADACHE FOR YOU

On March 7 the Food and Drug Administration began to seize shipments of Bromo-Seltzer as "dangerous to health when used in the dosage or with the frequency prescribed" on the label. This is part of the government's drive against acetanilid-and-bromide preparations sold for headache and neuralgia. In order to put an end to such seizures, all that the manufacturers of Bromo-Seltzer and other such "packaged medicines" (new name for patent medicines) need to do is to get through Congress the first amendment to the new Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act. Passage of this simple amendment (H. R. 3951) would ruin that hard-won act. Any product coming under the act has to give certain information on its label. But if this new amendment goes through, any patent medicine sold by mail can escape these label requirements if it has a doctor on its staff to make diagnoses by mail.

The amendment was inspired by Dr. Nathan Tucker's Asthma Specific, a cocaine preparation made in Mount Gilead, Ohio. Its manufacturer doesn't seem to want to tell on his label what is in his remedy. Congress is getting numerous complaints from voters with asthma who say they will no longer be able to get "relief" unless they go to Mount Gilead for a diagnosis. That is nonsense, but it is also pathetic.

The sponsor of the amendment is Dr. Frederick C. Smith, a member in good standing of the American Medical Association. So far as I can find out, the A. M. A. hasn't opposed the amendment or jumped on Dr. Smith. But, then, it never did support the act during its birth struggles.

ROTTEN FISH

In the last few months the Food and Drug Administration has seized 150 or more shipments of frozen red-perch fillets because they were infested with parasites. These were put out by about twenty-five manufacturers around Boston and Gloucester, among whom were Gorton-Pew, Booth Fisheries, General Sea Foods, and Atlantic Coast Fisheries.

Red perch is a kind of rock fish which fishermen used to throw back into the sea. Recently someone got a bright idea. Why not slice a fillet from each side of the fish, freeze it, and ship it to the Middle West? Customers there don't know so much about sea food. As a matter of fact, the red-perch fillets quickly became popular at fish fries and in small shops.

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But the Food and Drug Administration took a look at the fish and found that they looked as though they were hung with medals. The decorations proved to be parasites, not worms but copepods, which, I learn, are related to shrimps but not so good to eat. As if the parasites weren't enough, the seized fish have often been rotten besides. The manufacturers were no doubt guiltless of any evil intention. They were merely carried away by a bright idea which they never subjected to any sensible testing.

GELATINE AND YOUR MUSCLES

Did you see all that publicity and those ads about gelatine and how it gives your muscles a pickup? All supposed to be a new discovery. But two years ago Squibbs began to introduce Glycine, the important constituent of gelatine, to doctors. Before you start drinking a lot of gelatine it might be a good idea to find out what success Squibbs and the doctors had—and also to wait for more experiments.

BUYING A NEW CAR?

Automobile manufacturers spent $50,000,000 in 1938 telling of their wonderful cars. But they sounded like a crowd of little boys yelling, "My Pop's bigger than your Pop." It's pretty hard to spread $50,000,000 over such a limited appeal. And it's even harder if you happen to believe, as do the automobile manufacturers, that "a car is its own best advertisement," and that "it's up to the dealer."

Better throw all the ads in the wastebasket. Take a few hours to drive around to your neighborhood dealers and see where you can make the best dicker on a trade-in for your old car. The difference between one new car and another is sometimes not so great as the difference in what the dealers will allow you on your old one.

SELLING YOUR OLD CAR?

In 1938 used cars had so piled up that a million dollars was spent to clear them out of the way. Remember the newsreels, showing bonfires of used cars? That million dollars sold some cars but not enough to pay, because you can't sell used cars in such a flashy way.

If you've got a used car you want to sell, the best place to advertise it is in the modest Want Ad columns. Use the briefest description. Give facts only. The statement, "Four good new tires," will work better than any talk about the engine.

HELEN WOODWARD

In the Wind

REPERCUSSIONS of Jerry Voorhis's appointment to the Dies committee are already evident. Recently the committee held an executive session, pledging all present to secrecy and barring all reporters. One paper, and only one, got a report of what took place—the Silver Shirt weekly *Liberation,* which described Voorhis's conduct at the meeting. Voorhis, considerably aroused by the leak, is hunting down its source. Incidentally, the same issue of *Liberation* carried ads for reprints of Representative Thomas's speech denouncing Secretary Perkins. Thomas is another Dies committee member.

SPURRED BY the introduction of loosely framed laws to curb "un-American" groups, the Communist Party is quietly hastening its own "Americanization." The clenched-fist salute is being discarded, singing of the "Internationale" soft-pedaled; "fractions" are being wiped out and even "shop papers" slated for extinction. The last point is causing controversy because of the popularity of sheets issued at the New York *Times* and *Time* offices; these may get a special dispensation.

IN AN account of a recent Supreme Court argument the New York *Times* quoted Felix Frankfurter as expressing doubt that Congress could permit states to tax salaries of federal employees; Frankfurter said, it reported, that a constitutional amendment might be necessary. Intimates of his who were present at the hearing insist that the reporter missed the point—that Frankfurter spoke in a tone of pronounced irony, ignoring the possibility that he might be taken literally.

AMID THE universal uncertainty over Hitler's ultimate course, it is worth noting that the Nazis haven't forgotten Eupen-Malmedy, the territory lost to Belgium after the war. The 1939 edition of Spemann's art calendar, a popular German calendar, lists "national memory days"; for July 24, 1939, Nazi memories are to recall the *"Scheinabstimmung in Eupen-Malmedy"* (fake plebiscite in Eupen-Malmedy).

THERE'S ONE story which World's Fair publicists aren't promoting but which may get headlines soon—about the discrimination against Negroes seeking World's Fair jobs. Negro organizations are up in arms over the fact that Negroes are apparently being denied all but menial jobs at the fair. Thus far they've got no satisfaction from Grover Whalen. If he is adamant, there may be a national outcry with important echoes in Washington.

FROM HOLLYWOOD come reports of pressure on Eddie Cantor to soft-pedal anti-Hitler notes in his broadcasts. . . . Senator Burke is deluging newspaper editors, employers, and others with anti-Wagner Act material furnished by the N. A. M.; the material goes out under a government frank. . . . France is imposing a strict censorship on Tunisian correspondents. . . . The firm bringing out the German edition of Rachel Lyman Field's "All This and Heaven Too" asked her to let her name appear as Lyman Field; she refused. . . . A new afternoon daily, tabloid-size, is definitely being born in New York.

WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER: The Chicago *Tribune,* in a story on the Washington hotel strike, reported that numerous New Dealers had openly or surreptitiously passed the picket lines. Among them, it said, was Congressman Adolph Sabath of Illinois, who was reported to have sneaked from the hotel drugstore to his rooms when the pickets weren't looking. But the Congressman, it developed the next day, had an air-tight alibi. At the time he was said to have entered the hotel he was at a funeral in Chicago.

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item received in March goes to H. B., of Pittsford, New York, for the clipping about Japanese seed-growers published two weeks ago.*]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Stage Set for Massacre

IT WAS a great privilege to meet the other evening Herbert L. Matthews, correspondent in Spain of the New York *Times*, who stayed with the Loyalist forces until they were driven into France. I am not at liberty to quote any words he spoke on that occasion, but I want to take this opportunity to pay my tribute to him. I think that he upheld the finest traditions of American journalism in his reporting of the Spanish struggle. Although he has been charged, as honest journalists often are, with having been in the pay of the government whose acts he reported, I have been convinced all along that he was being extraordinarily objective, and I was confirmed in that opinion when I heard him talk. In Ethiopia, in Spain, wherever he has been, Mr. Matthews has distinguished himself. That men like him, Jay Allen, Vincent Sheean, and Lawrence Fernsworth, to say nothing of Ernest Hemingway and others, have felt so deeply for the Loyalist cause is proof to my mind that it was not only a just one but compelling in its appeal.

This whole Spanish situation is dreadful beyond words. On the human side the outlook is appalling, for submission of the Loyalists can only be postponed a short time and Franco is on record as having threatened wholesale massacres. It is pretty reliably reported that 5,000 people were shot within forty-eight hours after Franco got into Barcelona! He has decreed the "Law of Political Responsibilities," designed "to liquidate the political errors of those who contributed by their acts *or by serious omissions to the provocation of red subversion* [italics mine], and continuing in their conduct for more than two years have thus helped to paralyze the triumph of the Nationalist movement. . . ." This covers about three million people, and a special court has been set up to try the victims and to pronounce sentence on those who are found guilty of some "omissions" or other. The law mentions as specially guilty those who "held executive positions in the Popular Front parties and their affiliates"; those who were charged with missions of trust by the Popular Front; those who organized the 1936 elections; those who were government candidates for the Cortes of 1936, which includes the electors for the presidential elections; members of the Cortes of 1936 who contributed by action or abstention to implant the ideas of the Popular Front; those who were Freemasons after July 18, 1936; those who remained abroad after July 18, 1936, and fail to return within a given period of two months.

It is to be noted that the election of the Cortes in 1936 was legal and took place *before* there was any talk of rebellion, and therefore the victims who fall into this category are to be tried by an ex post facto law for having exercised their legal rights and functions. In other words, the stage is set for one of the greatest massacres in history, and if England and France and other countries, and the Catholic church, permit this to come to pass without protest they will have only themselves to blame for what will be another horrible indictment of humanity and civilization—already so discredited and degraded by what has happened in Germany and Ethiopia and China. I wonder that anyone dares say today that human beings are superior to the animals in the jungle. In this connection may I express the hope that if there are philanthropically minded people who still have money left to give away they will not overlook the pitiable conditions among the hundreds of thousands of refugees driven out of Spain and living in holes and horrible shanties or sleeping on the ground in France?

As for the political aspects of the Spanish situation, it seems to me that they are going to avenge the Loyalists upon England and France very soon—and dreadfully. I cannot claim to be an expert on Spain, but I do believe that the British lifeline has been definitely and permanently cut, that Gibraltar is finished as a useful fortress, that France is now in greater danger from attack on its unfortified Spanish frontier than at any other point on its boundaries, and that Spain will be a tremendous weapon in the hands of the Germans and Italians. I cannot recall in all history another case of such sublime stupidity as that which has marked the attitude of England and France toward the Spanish war. It looks as if they have literally dug their own graves. Is there anybody so innocent as to believe that Italy and Germany will yield their economic advantages in Spain, or that Italy will give up the Balearic Islands, or Germany its base in the Canary Islands, which would be of vast importance in the event of war with England? It may be that Franco really wants to be finished with his allies, but he will not decide that; the Italians and the Germans will decide. Experts believe that Spain holds more danger for Europe than Rumania. This is Christianity and humanity in March, 1939. And we are asked to defend with the lives of our sons two such monstrously unjust and stupid governments as those of France and England.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"Come, Sleep . . ."

BY LOUISE BOGAN

The bee's fixed hexagon;
The ant's downward tower;
The whale's effortless eating;
The palms' love; the flower

Burnished like brass, clean like wax,
Under the pollen;
The grasses' rough blade upright;
The smooth swathe fallen:

Does the shadow of these forms and appetites
Appear, when these lives give over,
In sleep, the role of the selfish devourer,
The selfless lover?

Surely, whispers in the glassy corridor
Never trouble their dream.
Never, for them, the dark turreted house reflects itself
In the depthless stream.

Open Letter to Nora Waln

REACHING FOR THE STARS. By Nora Waln. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

DEAR MRS. WALN: Reading your book "Reaching for the Stars" was an exciting experience for me. The years which you passed voluntarily in my country I have passed voluntarily in foreign lands, and I was beset by varied feelings as I breathlessly turned your pages. Your report is thoroughly sincere, it seems to me; my letter shall also be sincere, and I address it to you instead of to the readers of this magazine because you are used to receiving letters from Germans and because I should like to have you listen to my voice with the same patience and open-mindedness with which you listened to voices in the Third Reich.

The Nazis were enthusiastic about you. Hitler presented thirty-five copies of "The House of Exile" to his friends, and you were "pleased." You have chosen to tell three little stories about the Führer, each more ingenuous, more charming, more touching than the others. He settled a quarrel among the inhabitants of a village in wise and kindly fashion; he refused to let the wheels of his motor car crush the flowers which had been strewn before him (perhaps you know that according to a Nazi law strewing flowers before the Führer is strictly forbidden—bombs might be hidden among the bouquets); and he offered a chair to an aged veteran. These are the three anecdotes which you tell about Hitler. Yet you have seen the German terror with your own eyes, heard it with your own ears, and felt it in your heart, which is filled with the sense of justice and love for your fellow-men.

The Nazis were enthusiastic about you. I, too, am enthusiastic about much in your book. There are stories in this diary that are classic in construction, and doubly effective through their seeming lack of art: for instance, the account of that shocking Christmas celebration—how the fairy-tale forest and the magical *Gemütlichkeit* of Christmas Eve were filled with horror when a faithful old servant (he had worked at the castle for twenty-three years) refused to serve the feast because there was a Jewess among the guests. He stands there and utters Nazi threats against his good masters, whom he has been spying on for years. "International pacifist," he shouts insultingly, and, "You read the *Times*," which is almost a sentence of death. In the end the children serve the meal, and the cook and the chauffeur show their friendliness. The festival becomes a truly charming one after all: you go to Christmas mass, and in the enchantment of the snowy Christmas morning the reader recovers from the shock caused by the surly Nazi butler. Much later in the book—one could easily overlook it—you mention in an aside the arrest of your Christmas host. Dear Mrs. Waln, this is an example, and it is typical. You have seen frightful things, and you are honest enough not to deny it; but often you wipe out the impression which you have created by speaking in the next breath of the sunshine or the flowers or the "transitoriness of human errors." These errors, these inhuman errors, of the rulers of Germany have not been transitory, and the mildness with which you judge them without ever really condemning them will do little to banish them.

In a long chapter you discuss the marriage laws of the Third Reich. You study old marriage customs and the decrees of the Führer with the same scientific respect. You speak of his race and sterilization laws as if they were natural and acceptable. You say nothing of the indescribable human misery that they provoke; nothing of the shameful and senseless cruelty of compelling a healthy man to be sterilized because he limps—while the German Propaganda Minister trots his children on his club foot; nothing of the disappearance of "love" in Germany. Instead you give us attractive bits of local color and tenth-century proverbs.

The chapter A Nation at Work could have been written by a Nazi except in a few minute places, and the credulity with which you repeat without comment the propaganda slogans of the rulers of Germany would be touching if one did not have to fear the harm it will do. Once you catch a Nazi official in an especially glaring falsification. He has named with pride a small sum which you afterward establish to have been ten or fifteen times as large. Yet you say, "I am sure that he believed what he told me." Why? On what experience do you base that opinion? Don't we know how they lie, and that for them the end justifies all means?

Your first experience in Germany was the blood bath of June 30, 1934. You wanted to leave. You stayed to please

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your husband, who had his heart set on pursuing his musical studies in Germany and nowhere else. Blood and tears you saw flowing. Persons dear to you vanished into the abyss, and the cries of the tortured penetrated your flower-decked home. But, on the whole, life in Hitler's working, singing Germany wasn't bad, was it? Better perhaps than in the United States, where there is so much noise and so many unemployed. That is the impression your readers will gain, I am sure. You are a Quaker, dear Mrs. Waln, and you spent fourteen years in China. You believe in intelligent goodness, and you do not believe in force. I beg you to realize that I share your belief. But the future will be dark in Germany and everywhere else on the earth as long as Hitler stays in power, and his power cannot be broken by intelligent goodness. A good German, a professor and an upright man, said to you, "An author has power to influence others and power to confuse others. Words must be used with care."

I am certain you have used care. Nevertheless, you leave me confused. The feeling of friendship and admiration which I have for you because you have written this earnest, beautiful, and careful book is overlaid by my uneasy sense of how dangerous your undertaking can be. You reach for the stars while here below the terrible confusion demands that everybody take a clear and definite position. I am a foreigner in your country. Thankfully I breathe deep drafts of the air of freedom. I hope you will pardon this letter and not call it a misuse of freedom. I have written it out of a very deep anxiety for the continuance of this freedom, which I value more than life.

ERIKA MANN

French Family

THE THIBAULTS. By Roger Martin du Gard. The Viking Press. $3.

THE chief service of the Nobel Prize to literature is not to confirm acknowledged excellence: after all, what is the need of informing the world, a trifle late, that Kipling, Shaw, or Thomas Mann has attained international fame? A much more vital benefit is to bring before the civilized public some work of the highest value which somehow has missed popular acclaim. This is eminently the case with Roger Martin du Gard. He was not ignored in France; but he never won the popularity, the academic rewards, the obvious or esoteric authority that went to his luckier rivals. In America a translation of the earlier parts of this novel, a few years ago, created absolutely no stir.

The unique quality of "The Thibaults" is elusive. Outwardly the book belongs, like "Buddenbrooks" and "The Forsyte Saga," to the well-known genre of family chronicles. The theme is simple: like "Fathers and Sons," like "The Brothers Karamazov," like "Not the Murderer but the Murdered Bears the Guilt," it deals with the mutual incomprehension, the secret hostility or flagrant conflict, between generations. The formula is obvious; the treatment is restrained. With one minor exception Martin du Gard in this book eschews the abnormal and the melodramatic as rigorously as the farcical. The style is unobtrusive. Martin du Gard has no tricks. He does not display even the Calvinistic austerity of form which is the one trace of affectation in André Gide's most perfect passages. The book presents itself with a simplicity, an honesty, a modesty which are profoundly classical.

This classical impression is enhanced by the curious timelessness of the work. In his first great novel, "Jean Barois," Martin du Gard used as his background and even as his main theme the spiritual crisis of the Dreyfus case; in his last one, "Summer 1914," the drama is less that of the individual soul than that of Europe rushing to destruction. In "The Thibaults," on the contrary, the subject is eternal, and the setting, although very definite and realistic, almost irrelevant. The Thibaults belong to that upper middle class which, for six centuries and under all regimes, has been the mainstay of France. We are reminded once that fat old Fallières is President, but we have no sense of the impending world crisis. Jacques is a militant Socialist, but only as a century before he would have been a Carbonaro. Tone and spirit do not radically differ from certain scenes in Molière's "Miser." The extraordinary continuity of French life and letters could hardly be better illustrated.

Oscar Thibault, the father, is the protagonist: with his death this cycle of the saga properly ends. He is presented almost exclusively through the impression he produces on his two sons. The younger he drives twice into flight; even the elder, not rebellious, but solid, energetic, disciplined, is frankly hostile. Yet this indirect portrait is not a caricature, and the book is not a one-sided satire against the world of Oscar Thibault. Slowly, after the man's death, sons and readers begin to realize the elements of greatness in him—veiled but not destroyed by his superficial will-to-greatness, his conceit, his dictatorial manner. There is no revelation, no conversion; if Oscar Thibault were still alive, we should shun him and combat him as vigorously as ever. But there is a growing sense of pity over the frustration of the lonely man, and the waste in him of those earnest virtues that the world so imperiously needs.

Antoine is the model son; ambitious, a hard worker, he is well started on a brilliant medical career. He believes himself to be an emancipated Thibault. His father is a pillar of the church; he is an agnostic. His father stands for the most rigid puritanism; Antoine avails himself without compunction of the unlimited freedom offered by cosmopolitan Paris. But, faults and virtues, Antoine is a thorough Thibault, a *grand bourgeois.* He is eager to assume his rightful place among the masters; he is without meekness, without humility; in his alleged anarchism he is guided by a hereditary sense of *Bourgeoisie oblige:* a Thibault must rule, but can rule only when he serves. At last he is obliged to confess that his own "modern" principles are not providing the armature of his life; it is his father's faith, his father's pride, his father's example which are still working within him and through him.

Although the Unprodigal Son, for once, is not sacrificed, it is undoubtedly the "problem child," Jacques, who is the central character. Nervous, ill-balanced, rushing into romantic and equivocal attachments, ever on the perilous edge between saintliness and vice, he is a fervent disciple of the earlier André Gide:

> Nathanael, I will teach you fervor . . .
> A throbbing, lawless life . . .
> A harrowing existence, Nathanael, rather than tranquillity.

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His father tries to tame him by imprisoning him in a reformatory, and nearly succeeds in degrading him beyond redemption. Jacques makes a last effort to fit in with organized society. He is admitted to the great Ecole Normale, which molds an élite of scholars and writers. At the last moment he cannot bear even this refined regimentation; as in childhood, he runs away again. But he is no true "immoralist." If he rebels, it is against lies, and in order to reach, in his own conscience, the eternal verity. A Rousseauistic dream! Will the truth be found in his own instincts? Jacques wrestles with the same doubt which still torments his master and guide, André Gide. Both are too proud to capitulate to the low, to the beast within. They seek a sign that their impulses are at one with the moral law, which still haunts their puritanical consciences; and they seek in vain. Jacques hates, dreads, and loves the law, as he dreads and secretly loves his father. He alone brings to the grave a disinterested tribute.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Descent into the Good

BEWARE OF PITY. By Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt. The Viking Press. $2.50.

STEFAN ZWEIG is of course like some Viennese Jupiter from whose brow leaps not only Minerva, "mature and in complete armor," but Marie Antoinette, Mary of Scotland, Mrs. Eddy, etc. Astute propagator, Zweig has himself populated that literary cosmos he hails in "Three Masters," its continents inhabited only by the great and their lives formed of essences. Yet even a Zweig must grow weary upholding such a world. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown of Stendhal, Mesmer, Tolstoy. During those twilight moments of the consciousness in which our anxieties give their shape to all things, does Zweig, I wonder, ever behold his Casanova converting his Calvin? In such illogical periods does Zweig's Freud whisper a few words to him on the probable water phobia of Zweig's Magellan? Perhaps it is to free himself from the resounding chains of his own fecundity that Zweig now writes, in his first full-length novel, the strange story of a very ordinary Austrian officer who has no exalted role in history, whose main distinction, in fact, is that he has never thought or felt at all.

Such is the valiant hero of "Beware of Pity," Herr Leutnant Hofmiller, this gossipy, sweet-hearted, most peaceful warrior whose sympathy for the crippled Edith Kekesfalva betrays them both. In a provincial garrison town of pre-war Austria, the "busily empty" days filled with the deliberations of little magistrates, notaries, apothecaries, the sick girl attracts the officer first by her wealth, then by her companionship, and lastly by her disease itself. For the first time in his life Hofmiller feels pity for another human being, and this pity ruins his life. He has the desire to do good but not the courage. Zweig develops this thesis very eloquently, using a dramatic, perhaps even a theatrical story, but through his irony saving himself from sentiment or sententiousness. Poor Hofmiller is so eager to become a Magyar Samaritan. As he advances down the dreadful path of good intentions, as we behold his parched soul at once flourishing and perishing,

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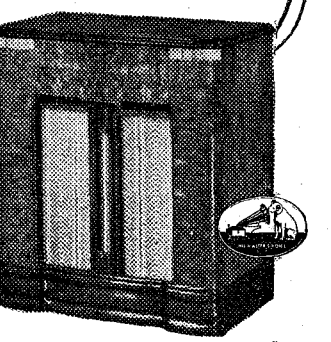

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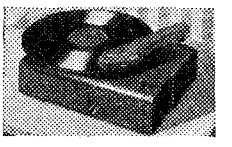

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how joyous he is! "Could it be that an ordinary young fellow like me had power over other people?" Zweig does not, however, rest on irony. It would be tempting for us to conclude that Hofmiller should never have yielded to the corrosive force of emotion, but this conclusion implies an easy cynicism which Zweig has never affected. Today especially, as Zweig realizes, we must keep our capacity for sympathy. Hofmiller's tragedy is that his temperament seeks the affections which make life fruitful, but his education has ignored them. Hofmiller's new friend, the great specialist, Herr Doktor Condor, makes this clear with his second kind of pity—"the unsentimental but creative kind which knows what it is about."

For Condor, this plump, clammy-handed scientist whose physiognomy belies his intellect, is also bent on helping men, but in his approach he is as merciless as any tyrant. "For me, I would have you note, there are no incurable illnesses." To Condor Edith's desperate case was simply "not yet curable," until Hofmiller, this average young man whose own feelings have been so little trained that we cannot say if they are healthy or diseased, pulls down Condor's work. Here is expressed, I believe, Zweig's conflict. Between these two characters the battle of the book and of Zweig's mind is fought. And though Hofmiller loses this particular struggle, his defection serves to clarify Zweig's answer. "Beware of Pity" is not after all an interlude from the biographer's burden. Avoiding both the grandiose expectations of nineteenth-century liberalism and the dogmatism of contemporary extremes, Zweig's novel represents the sharpened humanism of what we may call Europe-in-Exile. Here Zweig reaffirms a faith in civilizational technics, and if this faith is harder—the clinical manner of his Condor replacing the organ-grinding effusions of Thomas Mann's Settembrini—it is nevertheless not a fanaticism. "Beware of Pity" is hardly a flight into the realm of man's good. It is a descent. But, Condor would have you note, we do not crash.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Swastika over Denmark

RATS IN THE LARDER. By Joachim Joesten. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

MOST people have only a limited number of mental associations with Denmark, a country which seldom makes the headlines. It suggests such things as farm cooperatives, adult education, a benevolently bearded Socialist premier, a bicycling king, lager beer, and the Tivoli Gardens. The general impression is of a democratic, socially well-adjusted state, happily outside the main currents of European politics. Up to 1933 that picture would not have been inaccurate, but today Denmark's independence has been undermined and German "protection" is an ever-present threat. This book shows how and why. Its author, a German now deprived of his nationality, has lived many years in Scandinavia as a correspondent, and the evidence he has mustered is most impressive.

It is Denmark's misfortune to command the narrow approaches to the Baltic and to be neighbored on the south by an aggressive military power to whom control of that sea is of first-class strategic importance. Nor is this Germany's only interest in Denmark. The skilled and highly organized farmers of this small country produce an immense amount of meat and dairy products. In the event of war with Britain this "larder" could supply Germany with the foods it most lacks. Further, Denmark has great potential value as an air base both for attacks on northern Britain and as a means of intimidating Norway and Sweden. Equally, of course, it would be a very useful jumping-off ground for bombing the German armament plants which cluster so thickly along the Baltic coast.

For all these reasons there is little doubt that the outbreak of war would result in an immediate invasion of Denmark. Even in the last war, as Mr. Joesten shows, Danish neutrality was only nominally preserved. Its territorial waters were violated by the German fleet, and it was forced to mine the channels into the Baltic. The Danes have now even fewer means of resisting German threats than they had in 1914. The frontier is unfortified, and there is practically no army to guard it: Copenhagen is very inadequately protected against air attack. One reason is that, at least since 1907, Denmark's defense plans have been subject to German veto. In that year, as a result of secret negotiations, the Danish government undertook to join Germany if unable to remain neutral in a war and agreed to strengthen coastal defenses so as to ward off attack by sea—that is, by Britain or Russia. This was carried out, but nothing was done to prevent invasion from the south.

Since the Nazis came to power the same policy has been followed. Constant pressure from Berlin has been exercised to prevent any military measures which might prove inconvenient to German plans. There has been some increased expenditure on the navy, but land forces have been further reduced. And when Sweden proposed a concerted plan for the defense of all Scandinavia, it was turned down by the Danish government emphatically and even rudely.

It is not only in defense matters that Germany interferes. Not long ago the leading conservative paper in Copenhagen quoted a statement made in the British Parliament about Nazi behavior in the Sudetenland. The German minister protested, and subsequently an abject apology was published and the brilliant foreign editor dismissed. Kaj Munk, a conservative parson and one of Denmark's leading dramatists, could get no Danish producer to put on his latest play, which dealt critically with German racial theories. In Sweden it is the success of the season.

How can Germany exercise such effective pressure? One method, described at length by Mr. Joesten, is the threat to raise the North Schleswig question. This province, seized by Germany in 1864, returned to Denmark in 1920 after a plebiscite in which 75 per cent of the voters favored reunion. Germany never accepted this verdict, and since the Nazis came to power irredentist propaganda has been intensified and the German minority strongly organized. No formal demand for the return of North Schleswig has yet been made, but at opportune moments Berlin hints that this "bleeding frontier" is not forgotten.

Mr. Joesten blames Denmark's plight largely on its own inertia and timidity. He might with justice have assigned greater responsibility to Britain, which by its fiscal policies has forced Denmark to greater economic dependence on Germany. Worse still, by its betrayals of the League and its acquiescence in aggression, it has forced small nations to agree with their adversaries quickly. We can hardly expect

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exposed countries like Denmark to resist evil when great democracies so constantly turn the other cheek.

It is a great pity that this book has no maps. In considering the Danish problem geographical factors are all-important, and even one simple map of the Baltic region would have been a real boon to the reader.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Social Security Analyzed

SOCIAL SECURITY. By Maxwell S. Stewart. Revised and Enlarged Edition. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

SOCIAL SECURITY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Paul Douglas. New Revised Edition. Whittlesey House. $3.50.

MAXWELL STEWART and Paul Douglas will probably feel no pain if I refer to them as disciple and apostle of social insurance, respectively, while acknowledging Abraham Epstein as master. The debt of both to the master and to Epstein's precursor, Rubinow, are apparent in the revised editions of their works on social insurance which have just been issued. Disciple and apostle are bound to be compared with each other. As a young and relatively recently converted heathen, I rush in where angels may fear to tread.

Maxwell Stewart's book is analytic and synthetic in general character, while Paul Douglas is genetic and chronological in his approach. Stewart's book is of especial interest to the student of the economic and social aspects of social security. Douglas's book has unique value for the student of the politics of social insurance.

Mr. Stewart covers in his Part I the reasons why social insurance had to come to pass in this country. The material included is that contained in Parts I and II of Epstein's classic work, but it is presented in a more condensed and more readable form. Both the tables and the text have been brought fully up to date. The statistical argument for the various forms of social insurance is quite as compelling in 1939 as it was when the book originally appeared. Part II covers the Social Security Act, its defects as evidenced by four years of experience with it, criticism advanced both from the left and the right, and the rising demand for some form of health insurance. Part III brings up to date the European experience with social insurance and indicates what has happened in Hitler's Germany and Chamberlain's England. The final section of the book outlines the attack on the act from the direction of Townsend and Lundeen, covers proposed actions in the present session of Congress, and concludes with a lucid and well-argued brief for social insurance as an instrument for the achievement of economic stability.

Mr. Stewart makes it perfectly clear that social insurance can be either a violently unsettling or an important stabilizing factor in our economic society, depending upon the manner in which reserves are handled, funds are collected, and benefits are distributed. He comes out flat-footedly for a pay-as-you-go system with funds provided from progressive income and inheritance taxation. With this conclusion few students of social security will disagree. The trick is, however, to sell this idea to a public mind dominated by the analogy with private insurance and to the recipients of big incomes who don't like to pay taxes.

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Professor Douglas explains how Topsy grew up. As each step in this growth is detailed, it becomes apparent why Topsy has so much Turvy in her character. There is a political reason for most of the defects in the Social Security Act. Mr. Douglas's chronological account makes these reasons clear. Although his book is primarily of interest to students of politics, Mr. Douglas presents a good deal of the economic and social material included, under a different arrangement, in Stewart's book. Part II consists of a thorough analysis of the provisions of the Social Security Act, Part III of the economic and constitutional problems raised by the act, and Part IV of the chronology of developments since its passage. Of the two revisions Mr. Stewart's is the more thoroughgoing, since the arrangement of his material compelled him to change almost every chapter in order to bring it up to date. The chronological development of Mr. Douglas's subject enabled him—with slight changes in Part III—to modernize his treatment simply by adding chapters at the end of the book. Both books include valuable appendices. Mr. Douglas presents the full text of the act. Mr. Stewart has compiled complete tables showing the response to date of the state governments to the provisions of the act. For use by the lay reader and casual student of social security, the palm goes to Mr. Stewart's book as an indispensable point of departure. Mr. Douglas's revision is a valuable complement to it. The advanced student must still return to Epstein and to Rubinow.

ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

Study of the Senate

THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES. By George H. Haynes. Houghton Mifflin. Two Volumes. $8.50.

THIS is an indispensable book for every student of American political institutions. Nowhere else are the history and practice of the pivotal legislature of the United States so carefully described or so amply illustrated. Mr. Haynes knows the documents as no one else can ever have done; and from his massive information he has produced a treatise to which every subsequent commentator will have to turn. Not, indeed, that the book is without its defects. I do not think Mr. Haynes explains satisfactorily why the incidence of importance in Congress has changed from the House to the Senate. I do not think, either, that he has set his narrative sufficiently in the changing context of the historic scene. He seems to me more tender than his own facts would warrant to matters like the share of the Senate in the nominating power, and to the ludicrously inept procedure by which it still lives. Some of his comments, notably on the court fight, suggest that he is inadequately aware of the wider implications of his own theme; I doubt, for instance, whether anyone acquainted with Justice Black's superb record since he went to the Supreme Court would have made Mr. Haynes's comment on his appointment. In general, indeed, Mr. Haynes's strength lies in careful accumulation of detail rather than in comment upon its meaning. Philosophic analysis of the problems presented by the habits of the Senate is not his forte. From this angle his work is a supplement to, rather than a corrective of, Professor Lindsay Rogers's vivid volume. As a commentary the latter still holds the field.

The reader, indeed, has to bring his own scheme of values to Mr. Haynes's descriptive account. I do not think he does justice to senatorial achievement in the realm of social investigation. I suspect that a far better case could be made out for the Senate's part in the treaty-making power than is here made. The committee system seems to me much less satisfactory in operation than appears from Mr. Haynes's account. If it has done well in some cases in indefensible judicial nominations, it has accepted, even down to the latest date, ambassadorial appointments which do little honor either to itself or to the President. The kind of attitude it has taken to an appointment like that of Mr. Amlie to the Interstate Commerce Commission is difficult for a foreigner to understand. Nor does Mr. Haynes make enough of the curious influence upon senatorial policy of the President's waning prestige as his term draws to a close. He has not seen, either, the significance of that shrewd remark upon senatorial habits of Calvin Coolidge to James Derieux: "There isn't a man in the Senate who doesn't think he is better suited to be President than the President, and thinks he might have been President except for luck." I miss, too, that unwritten chapter of American history on why Senators, with so much logic and prestige on their side, have usually missed the Presidential chair and the explanation of why even radicals like the elder La Follette and Senator Norris have been able to elevate the Senate to a platform from which to compel the nation, even in so tragic an era as that of Coolidge, to give heed to their exhortations.

The answer, of course, is that these are not the aspects of the Senate in which Mr. Haynes is interested. Its history, to him, is largely shut off from the forces of the outside world. He is content to describe rather than to explain, to narrate rather than to comment. But his description and narration are so patient and so exhaustive as to command profound gratitude. He has constructed a foundation upon which future laborers in this field will be glad to build.

HAROLD J. LASKI

New England Family

WICKFORD POINT. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

WHY "The Education of Henry Adams" and "The Last Puritan" were best-sellers remained to a certain extent a puzzle until "The Late George Apley" came along. Mr. Marquand's satire of Boston life was, in a sense, a paring down to popular essentials of the sociological and philosophical implications in the Adams and Santayana books. Technically, from the point of view of sheer craftsmanship, "The Late George Apley" was better fiction than "The Last Puritan," better biography than "The Education of Henry Adams." Its distinction lay not in its originality, for its basic ideas had been fully developed by Adams and Santayana, but in its economy and terseness, its very accomplished satirical form and style.

"Wickford Point," John P. Marquand's latest satire on New England family life, is a long, sprawling book with only occasional chapters that stand out clear, witty, and illuminating. Granted that it is in many ways superior to the typical

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popular serial, "Wickford Point" is nevertheless loaded down with repetitious and obvious details whose only legitimate function is to enable the reader of this week's *Saturday Evening Post* to connect the current instalment with the summary of the preceding chapters.

Had Mr. Marquand been ruthless in his cutting, "Wickford Point" might have been a more important novel than "The Late George Apley." For in introducing the characters of the Middle Western Harvard professor, the writer from the wrong part of Boston, the New York literary agent, and the business man, Mr. Marquand has definitely enlarged the scope of his subject matter. But his successful characters remain pastiches; his unsuccessful ones, stereotypes.

"Wickford Point" has by one reviewer been compared to "Vanity Fair." For this reader the resemblance goes only as far as the coincidence of both heroines bearing five-letter names beginning with B.

MINA CURTISS

More Haitian "Adventures"

TELL MY HORSE. By Zora Neale Hurston. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

A PURITAN IN VOODOO LAND. By Edna Taft. Penn Publishing Company. $3.

THESE two volumes represent the most recent additions to the ever-growing number of works on Haiti. Both are travel books, but this is as far as one can go in marking resemblances between them. For one is a serious attempt, based on previous familiarity with other Negro societies, to probe beneath Haitian life and to survey Haitian political and social conditions, giving dates, names, and places. The other book is an almost painfully naive account of the stay of a New England woman on the island, in which, perhaps through an excess of good-will, an attempt is made to spare those portrayed in it by disguising their identities under names such as no Haitian probably ever bore, and to transfer wide-eyed wonder to the printed page in a manner that is anything but satisfying to the reader who seeks enlightenment concerning life as it is lived there.

Miss Hurston's book, it must be admitted, is far below the standard of her previous work. There one felt an ease in her treatment of her material that could only come from long acquaintance with the life of the Florida Negroes of whom she wrote, a grasp of dialect in rendering their conversation and folk tales that was outstanding, and a considerable ability to transmit the "feel" of the inner values and fundamental sanctions that govern their lives. All this is quite lacking in the present volume. There is not the same deftness in the handling of data—one has the feeling in reading the description of a ceremony, or in attempting to follow an explanation of the various gods of the "voodoo" pantheons, that the author is unsure of her information, confused in her attempt to present the natural logic of the culture of which she writes, and bewildered by the historical complexities which bulk so large in a mixed culture like that of Haiti. She is linguistically ill at ease; her renditions of Créole are such as to convince anyone at all conversant with the language of Haiti that her knowledge of it must at best be rudimentary. Ascriptions of African origin to various deities also show a regrettable lack of background; one instance of this may suffice. Gede may be "the deification of the common people of Haiti"—though if he is, the Haitian peasant is most surely unconscious of the fact. But this god is certainly not "the one *loa* which is entirely Haitian." On the contrary, it is one *loa* whose African origin can be traced with an unusual degree of sureness—the autochthonous inhabitants of the plateau of Abomey, the center of Dahomean culture, were termed Gedevi, "children of Gede," and this character bulks large in the mythology of this group to the present day.

By far the most interesting and important chapters of Miss Hurston's book are those in which the present-day political situation in Haiti is discussed, the life of the urban centers is detailed, and such matters as class stratification and especially the position of women are considered. Here one again senses that Miss Hurston is on ground where she can keep her balance, handling problems through which she can see her way clearly. These chapters give the book its justification as a serious work; for the rest, the time has gone when it is possible to discover zombies and to write of "voodoo" rituals with what can only be termed a bated pen. And if Haitian music must be given, it is no great contribution, it is to be feared, to head a collection with a transcription of a phonograph record that can only be regarded as a religious song on the chance that a secondary diffusion has caused its adoption by some priest who heard it and found it good.

Miss Taft is a "puritan" from New England who got the urge to go to Haiti and see what kind of merchandise her slaving forefathers had left there. "Down from the dark,

Because of the great success of the FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS' DINNER FORUM held on March 16, at the Hotel Commodore which was followed by numerous requests that it be repeated for a larger audience, the MEDICAL BUREAU AND NORTH AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO AID SPANISH DEMOCRACY

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Participants in Symposium:

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RALPH BATES — **GEORGE SELDES**
ROBERT DELL — **VINCENT SHEEAN**
Archibald MacLEISH — **LELAND STOWE**

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menacing hills towering above the city floated the far-off sound of the voodoo drums . . . slow, rhythmic, ominous." And there she was, waiting to dock the next morning, and her ticket taking her no farther. So she got off, and made all kinds of curious discoveries which a lot of people had made (in writing) before her, and acquired the quaintest misconceptions, as might be expected from one who apparently didn't realize that she wasn't making a voyage of discovery. One of her analyses may be given here; it is an adequate sample of what the reader may expect: "Generalizing, I concluded that the god (or gods) of the Voodooist was a purely anthropomorphic figure: an omnipotent Negro—you might even call him a *gros nègre*—with no inhibitions and an insatiable craving for rum, women, gore, and merrymaking; so his devotees worshiped him by posturing and capering to frenzied drum rhythms, by swilling great quantities of blistering rum and blood, and by committing venery."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

RECORDS

TO MOZART'S "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" Victor now adds his "Magic Flute" (Act I: nine records, $13.50; Act II: ten records, $14.25). For this work H. M. V. did not use the Glyndebourne production but had Beecham assemble singers, orchestra, and chorus in Germany for a recording which presumably was made there. The cast, then, unlike those of Glyndebourne, is a resplendent group of stars—which does not mean that it is completely unflawed: a Tamino sung by Roswaenge, who sounds as though he would be more comfortable as Siegmund, is not the best conceivable; nor is the tremolo that occasionally afflicts Lemnitz's lovely voice an added grace for Tamina. But the Queen of the Night is sung by Berger with the agility and something of the force this difficult part requires; the Papageno is superbly done by Hüsch; the Sarastro of Strienz is good; and the smaller parts, including the groups of Three Ladies and Three Boys, are also well sung. The orchestra, moreover, is the Berlin Philharmonic; the chorus is good. And more important than all this, perhaps—the conductor is Beecham. His qualities as musician and conductor are responsible for the effect the music produces through the phrasing of the solo singing, the marvelous textures of the sounds of strings, winds, and voices in the ensemble passages, the mercurial lightness of Monostato's "Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden," the power of the Queen's "Der Hölle Rache." But one must add that he is no less responsible for the occasional loss of effect.

Beecham is a great artist; but great artists are not necessarily perfect ones, and sometimes their imperfections are the faults of their great virtues. Not every performance by Schnabel is equal to his best. Nor do I mean only the difference arising out of the circumstances of a particular occasion—the sort of thing that caused his playing in the Brahms B flat Concerto with the New York Philharmonic to be less effective on Friday afternoon than it had been on Wednesday evening, or his Sunday-afternoon performance of the Beethoven "Emperor" not to reach the height of his performance of Mozart's K. 595 with the National Orchestral Association. I mean the difference arising out of the very process which, at his Y. M. H. A. recital, created so completely and impressively right a shape for Schubert's B flat Sonata and Mozart's K. 332, but which, carried further, distended the phrases of the first movement of Mozart's K. 310 and the slow movement of Schubert's Opus 53 to the point of distortion and overstatement. In the same way Beecham's dynamic phrasing of Mozart issues from personal force that expresses itself on occasion as wilfulness and perversity in excessively and ponderously slow tempos. Such tempos, in his recordings, are disastrous to Mozart's exquisite Symphony K. 201, and disadvantageous to the Minuet of the "Jupiter," and now to the Overture of "The Magic Flute," as you may hear by playing Toscanini's version of the Overture. What the fast sections gain by Toscanini's pace is obvious; but note also that in the slow opening measures, by keeping the interval between each short chord and the following long one as short as Mozart writes it, Toscanini creates the relation between them that Beecham destroys by making the interval long.

Excepting the few Preludes that are more than mere Debussyan formula and mannerism, and the superb "Jardins sous la pluie" that fills in the twelfth side, the value of Columbia's new set of the first book of Debussy's Preludes (six records, $6) is in Gieseking's performances, which achieve the music's subtlety by marvelous precision in the delicate values of sonority and pace, and marvelously clear definition of the delicate strands of the texture. A pocket is provided for "La cathédrale engloutie," which was issued separately.

Jess Stacy has a record to himself which he uses for a composition of his own called "Complainin'" (Commodore). The recurring opening phrase that makes this a serious "composition" means less than the phrases, figurations, and mere cadences in which Stacy's imagination works freely with the ordinary materials of the jazz pianist. The powerful and exciting style of another superb pianist, Billy Kyle, is to be heard, with excellent playing by the other members of John Kirby's Orchestra, in "It Feels Good" and "Effervescent Blues" (Vocalion); and the same power manifests itself in the dynamic inflection of Kyle's style in slow, sustained melody on Mildred Bailey's record of "What Shall I Say?" (Vocalion). Then there is the amusing invention of "Fats" Waller on the reissued records of his piano solos, "Alligator Crawl," "Viper's Drag," and "I Ain't Got Nobody" (Bluebird).

New to me is the sensitive playing of a pianist named Clyde Hart on a record of "Stardust" (Commodore). With him on this record is Choo Berry, whose playing on saxophone is good but somewhat amorphous, and a trumpeter whose style, indistinguishable from Roy Eldridge's on Teddy Wilson's record of "Sugar" (Brunswick), is clear and strong, with a beautiful ease and freedom and confidence in its strength. "Sugar" also offers fine playing by Bennie Carter on saxophone. The long crescendo in the second part of "Pick-a-Rib" (Victor) is an exciting achievement by the Benny Goodman Quintet, not the least of whom in this instance are Kirby on bass and Schutz on percussion. And unusual in its wryly dessicated satirical style is Ellington's "Dancing on the Stars," played nominally by Johnny Hodges and his orchestra (Vocalion)

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Kingsport's "Cheap Labor"

Dear Sirs: Mary Fulton, aged twenty-four years, was employed by the Fisher-Beck Hosiery Mills at Kingsport, Tennessee, in November, 1938. She worked three weeks for a total of 132 hours and received $11.48. Under the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, which went into effect on October 24, 1938, she should have been paid the minimum sum of $33.

Miss Fulton came to my office about November 15 seeking my advice with reference to obtaining her rights under the Fair Labor Standards Act. I advised her that she was entitled to a minimum wage of 25 cents an hour under that law, and she asked me to institute suit for her. I did not do so immediately because I wanted to confer first with agents of the Department of Labor. We had a conference about January 25, 1939. I filed the suit on Saturday, January 28, 1939, before George E. Bradley, an acting justice of the peace for Sullivan County.

While I was awaiting the arrival of agents from the Department of Labor, Miss Fulton came to my office two and three and sometimes four times each week to ascertain what steps had been taken. She manifested on each of these visits a determined and enthusiastic desire to enforce her rights. The case was set for hearing on Thursday, February 2, and the day preceding the day set for trial, Mr. C. D. Puckett, an organizer for the Textile Workers, at my request went to her house, and she very enthusiastically, cheerfully, and in a determined manner gave him the names of fourteen witnesses who knew the manner and methods by which the Fisher-Beck Hosiery Mills filched their employees.

On the day of the trial Mary Fulton did not appear. The witnesses did not appear. Somebody had forced these people to stay away, either by duress or by threats and intimidation that if and when they appeared something would happen to them. An investigation revealed that Mary's aged parents were on the verge of hysterics on the day set for trial. Mary was reported to have disappeared, but she was seen hiding in her own little shanty like some startled thing, all of which contrasted with her attitude of the preceding day and the preceding weeks.

The Emancipation Proclamation released thousands of kinky-haired, ebon-skinned slaves; but a new kind of chains and slavery now being used in and around Kingsport has enslaved not less than 50 per cent of the people. These slaves are the tow-headed, Anglo-Saxon people who formerly lived on the land and raised their own bread and meat and made their own clothes and with it enjoyed the greatest things there are in life—freedom of action, thought, and speech.

They are now living in a community which a writer in *The Nation* characterized as a place where no self-respecting Indian would stay. They live in shanties the roofs of which let through the sunshine and the rain. The winds whistle through the cracks. The reason for this condition is that they are being paid five and six and seven dollars a week. This is not enough money to buy corn meal and fat meat for an ordinary family for a week. They are unable to buy clothes. They cannot afford a house any better than a chicken house. But the worst feature of all is that when they want to assert their rights, they are intimidated by threats that their shanties and cheap overalls and the little bit of coarse food which they now have will be taken away.

The business men of this community are also more or less helpless because the financial system is well under the control of the Great White Father of the community, J. Fred Johnson, president of the Kingsport Improvement Company. But if the business men would stop to think that their welfare is dependent on customers with money to spend, and would organize a board of trade and put forth an effort to destroy the present system of fascism and slavery, Kingsport would develop into one of the South's greatest industrial centers.

The present slogan for the community is "Cheap Labor." Cheap labor means cheap people, a cheap industry, cheap stores, and a cheap city.

The Great White Father and patron saint of Kingsport sheds crocodile tears for the plight of his people, but he continues to advertise the town as one in which cheap labor is the main attraction. What an attraction!

O. W. HUDDLE

Kingsport, Tenn., March 15

An Easy Change

Dear Sirs: At the close of your editorial Same Old Story, in your issue of February 25, you say: "The evils of the insurance business will not be corrected until government takes it over and operates it."

It may be of some value to continue by pointing out that it would be relatively easy for the government to take over the insurance companies, as they would have no stock- or bond-holders to buy out. The insurance companies are mutualized; they are owned by their policy-holders. The policy-holders could place any management in power that they voted for, including a management recommended by and answerable to the government.

Legislation might be sought creating a Department of Insurance, which might appeal to policy-holders for proxies to be used in electing a public-spirited management. If the policy-holders decided to vote for the government-sponsored management that would be all that was necessary. A new management would be installed.

Unquestionably present abuses, including the payment of gigantic salaries to a self-perpetuating non-owning management, could be abated. A question to be considered, however, would be whether or not a series of different and perhaps worse abuses might be encountered. If very strict legislation were drawn up, they might be guarded against, and the people, through the government, would finally have a hand in the investment-banking situation much more effective than they have had so far.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG

New York, March 23

CCC Defense

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to a letter appearing in *The Nation* for February 25 headed CCC Complaint. This alleges that second-hand clothing, including underwear, some of it filthy, is issued to CCC members. It is true that second-hand clothing, including underwear, is issued to new CCC enrollees, but in no instance is clothing of this character ever issued until it has been thoroughly renovated. I felt justified in adopting a ruling of this character as a necessary economy.

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The letter further states that there is a "system of fining men at the captain's discretion for petty offenses." This also is true, but except for the arbitrary discharge of the enrollee it is the only disciplinary action that the camp commander can take. By regulation that has been in effect since the first camps were set up in the spring of 1933, the camp commander has authority to fine an enrollee up to the amount of $3 in any one month for deliberate violation of the reasonable regulations governing the camp. An enrollee has the privilege of appealing a fine to higher army authority or to the office of the Director of the Corps. ROBERT FECHNER,

Director, Civilian Conservation Corps
Washington, March 14

W. E. Woodward and the French

Dear Sirs: May I be permitted to make some brief comments on Professor Albert Guérard's review of my "Lafayette" in *The Nation* of February 25?

He says that "back of the author's indulgent sympathy there lurks the honest-to-goodness American conviction that all Frenchmen are absurd creatures anyway: dancing masters, play actors, men milliners, posturing, gesticulating, kissing ladies' hands — the wholesome *Weltanschauung* of Mark Twain and Will Rogers."

There is not a thing in the book from which he could draw such a conclusion. Everyone who knows me is fully aware of my love of France and my admiration for the French people. I know them well; I have lived among them. I like French life; I consider the French the most civilized of all modern peoples. They are sturdy and wholesome. I do not look upon them as "dancing masters, play actors, and men milliners."

Professor Guérard says he doesn't like my sprightliness, my readability, and assumes that I am writing for the "tired business man." Precisely; I am writing for people who would not read a dull life of Lafayette without being paid to do it. But they read what I write. W. E. WOODWARD

Honolulu, February 27

For Managed Forests

Dear Sirs: Congress is about to consider legislation for controlling destructive clear-cutting on private lands by encouraging selective logging. Everyone interested in promoting forest conservation should send a postal to his Representative and Senators in support of this much-needed legislation. Liberal-minded people throughout the country are in favor of having forests managed permanently, not devastated. We urge your readers to make their position known; and at once.

CITIZENS' CONSERVATION COMMITTEE

Buffalo, N. Y., March 1

Lost Library

Dear Sirs: The World Center for Women's Archives, Room 236, Biltmore Hotel, wishes to learn the present location of a "Woman's Library" composed of 4,000 books, which was organized by a Miss Powell and opened at New York University, Washington Square, in October, 1860. It is listed in Trow's Directory of Manhattan and Bronx, Vol. 124, 1910, as located at 9 East Eighth Street.

MARJORIE WHITE

New York, March 22

Correction

In the article Greater Ukrainia, by Elizabeth Wiskemann in the issue of February 25, errors in transcription of the copy distorted Miss Wiskemann's meaning. The reference to the "Polish-German crisis" of 1934 should have been to the "Polish-German détente," and the sentence "Meanwhile half a million Ukrainians in Bukovina had been transferred by the peace treaties from Hungary to the new Czechoslovakia" should have read, "Meanwhile half a million Ukrainians in Bukovina had been transferred by the peace treaties from Austrian to Rumanian rule, and another half-million (roughly) living in Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia had been transferred from Hungary to the new Czechoslovakia."—EDITORS THE NATION.

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT DELL, *The Nation's* correspondent at Geneva, is at present in the United States.

STUART CHASE'S essay will be included in a volume of Living Philosophies which Simon and Schuster will publish this spring.

GEORGE BRITT is collaborating with Heywood Broun on a book on anti-Semitism, to be published this spring.

ERIKA MANN is coauthor of "Escape to Life," to be published soon.

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THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50 cents. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals. Public Affairs Information Service. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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